Epochs of English Literature

VOLUME VII.

THE JOHNSON EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

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THE JOHNSON EPOCH

BY

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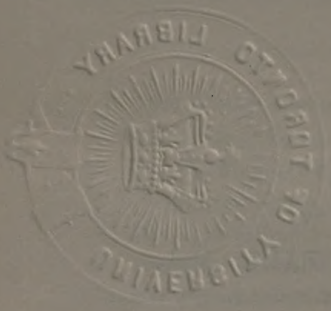

PREFACE

THE series of which this volume is the seventh may be said to have three objects: First, to teach the history of our literature in a rational and orderly manner; second, to illuminate the history of England by exhibiting the thoughts of its men of letters in their own words; and, third, to display, as if in a gallery, some specimens of the inheritance into which every English-reading boy and girl has entered. It has been too long the practice to teach English literature in handbooks which give only the briefest examples, if any, of the works they profess to describe; and our many excellent school anthologies, from their want of a definite historical arrangement, and the absence of prose, fail almost entirely to give a connected view of the development of our language. Now, the history of our literature, falling, as it undoubtedly does, into a series of well-marked periods of excellence, appears to lend itself peculiarly to the historical treatment suggested by the word 'epoch.'

My general principles of selection are three—the intrinsic merit and interest of the piece, its convenience for use in schools, and its ability to stand by itself without great detriment from the absence of context. Also I avoid those works which are likely to be read elsewhere.

In this volume, and especially in the case of the novelists, 'extractability' (if I may invent the term) is an important consideration. Fielding defies extraction, Sterne is all the better for it. It appears to me to be impossible to interest schoolboys in Richardson.

Although I have given little of Johnson's writings, his opinions and personality fill the largest space. The entire omission of *Rasselas* will be regretted by some of its admirers, but not, I venture to think, by that much misunderstood person, the practical teacher.

J. C. S.

February, 1907.

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'Nay he dooth, as if your iourney should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes; that full of that taste, you may long to passe further.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE JOHNSON EPOCH

INTRODUCTION

An Age of Prose.—Hitherto our Epochs have always taken their names from the great poets who have dominated the literary world for the time being. In the previous volume we saw, truly, that the essayist, Addison, divided the kingdom with Pope, the poet. Here, too, the foremost characters, Johnson and Goldsmith, wrote poetry as well as prose. Poetry, unquestionably the senior branch of the service of letters, still holds its prior right to fame, though in this particular Epoch prose bears the palm both for variety and excellence. The Drama, now for the second time reaching greatness in Goldsmith and R. B. Sheridan, is a prose drama. In this age, for the first and last time, Oratory becomes a notable branch of English literature in the hands of Sheridan, Burke, and Grattan, not to mention Fox and Pitt. This age, also, witnesses the vigorous birth of another branch of Prose, namely, the Novel, with such writers as Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith. In Hume, Robertson, and, above all Gibbon, the science of History made a real contribution to prose literature. The Essay, in Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, continues its importance from the last Epoch. Thus, in a word, we have five great divisions of Prose, all vigorously in action. It is not to be wondered if Poetry is suffering an eclipse under all this brilliance. In our last Epoch we found

that the world was growing tired of the fashionable style in poetry—called "the heroic couplet." In Johnson's judgment, that is still the only right style, and he himself followed it. The revolt against artificiality and the symptoms of a desire to return to Nature, which we observed in James Thomson and Dyer, are smothered for a time, largely by the heavy hand of Johnson himself, who allowed no man in his presence to express a preference for green fields over the amenities of Fleet Street, and even banished the weather from among the topics of polite conversation. It is true that influences were at work, influences of the highest significance, for the return of Nature and Romance. But as far as the Johnsonian circle extends its radius, this is an age of Prose, an age of rhetoric, and an age of common sense. Dr. Johnson himself is the epitome and personification of common-sense. On the Continent the wreckers Voltaire and Rousseau were appealing in the name of common sense against all the traditional beliefs of mankind; and here, though Johnson himself was the champion of orthodoxy and Toryism, others like Hume and Gibbon unquestionably felt their influence. The forces which led so soon to the French Revolution are already at work.

Samuel Johnson.—At this present day, on the strength of his writings, Johnson is by no means the most important name in this book. Probably, if we could take a census of the reading public of to-day, we should find that the number of people who have read *Rasselas*, or *The Rambler*, or *The Satire on London*, or *Irene*, is extremely small, and that even this number is diminishing year by year. Nor is it likely that the popularity of his writings will ever revive. Why, then, does he give his name to this book? It is by reason of the sheer strength of his personality and the accident that provided him with a perfect biographer in James Boswell. In itself this is an example of the triumph of character over achievements. Moreover, he possessed an easy supremacy in the lost art of

conversation. He had all the intolerance and much of the brutality of the successful dictator. He had read widely, and remembered almost everything that he had read. His gigantic stature, strong face, and strange gestures, impressed all who looked upon him. His real kindness of heart, his inflexible principles, and his support of Church and King, made him a pillar of strength to weaker men. Thus it came about that he held unquestioned rule among men of far greater achievement. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the great painter, Edmund Burke, the greatest of English orators and statesmen, David Garrick, the greatest of English actors, and Oliver Goldsmith, the most charming and versatile of writers, might at any time have been seen grouped about the sage's chair listening to every word. Distressed authors found in him their champion. Literary aspirants besought him to revise their work and write their prefaces and dedications. His journey through the Highlands of Scotland was like the progress of a monarch. King George III. was delighted to honour him, and enjoyed a conversation, as with an equal, in the library at Windsor. He was the undisputed successor in the literary kingdom to Ben Jonson, Dryden, and Pope, as he was the last holder of that monarchy. All this he owed to his powerful character and personality. But personality to become immortal requires a biographer, and it is difficult to estimate how much of Johnson's present reputation is due to James Boswell. We may, if we please, grant that Boswell was a contemptible person; his character, so far as we know it from other sources, was weak and vicious. It was probably vanity that led him to associate with the great—to attach himself, not only to Johnson, but to General Paoli, the Corsican patriot, and to John Wilkes, the champion of democracy, and to visit Voltaire and Rousseau. But we can only thank him that he sacrificed his self-respect upon the altar of hero-worship. We must grant him, also, the possession of a clear and simple style. But, above all, he had the instinct of biography, know-

ing exactly what is of interest to posterity, knowing, above all, how to make his subject live. The result is that Boswell has written the perfect Biography, and that Doctor Johnson is to-day the most distinct figure in all the history of literature.

Johnson's Life.—SAMUEL JOHNSON was the son of a Lichfield bookseller, who quite early in the boy's career fell into financial embarrassment. He took a pride in Samuel's youthful precocity, and contrived to send him in 1728, at the age of nineteen, to Pembroke College, Oxford. During his life there he read voraciously, was hampered by poverty, but preserved his pride of independence. Boswell tells us how he flung away a pair of new shoes which some compassionate friend had slipped into his room. His father dying in poverty, he was compelled to leave the University without a degree. During the next five years his struggles were obscure and terrible. He did hack-work for booksellers, and acted as usher in a school. In these embarrassing circumstances, when he was only twenty-seven, he elected to marry a widow of forty-eight, Mrs. Elizabeth Porter. A characteristic account of that strange wedding will be found in our selection from Boswell. She brought him a little, but very little, money, which he almost immediately lost in a futile attempt to start a school at Lichfield. He had only three pupils, and one of them was David Garrick. Young Davy found ample scope for his mimic powers in the queer schoolmaster with his strange gestures, for Johnson suffered all his life from a nervous complaint akin to St. Vitus's dance. But he loved him for all that, and history is fond of dwelling upon the next scene—Johnson and Garrick tramping to London to make their fortunes on a united capital of fourpence! How they struggled we can only guess. But finally Garrick got a legacy, found his way on to the stage, and almost immediately made his name and fortune. There is one charming story of Johnson walking all night in Leicester Square with Richard

Savage, the poet whose life-story, so strange and dramatic, Johnson was afterwards to relate in his first successful work. They were penniless, both of them, but they both vociferously declared their intention of supporting the British Constitution !

It was Edward Cave, founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, who first gave Johnson the opportunity of earning a little money by his pen. He wrote first a complimentary set of Latin verses, which attracted the editor's notice, and finally he was promoted to write the Parliamentary reports. Now, Parliamentary reports then were very different from what they are now. The art of shorthand was almost unknown, and, in fact, reporting was prohibited. Johnson had therefore to use his imagination for sentiments appropriate to the speakers—in fact, to write down what they might have said. Although one would have thought Johnson's style unmistakable, and he made no effort to conceal it, yet we are told that some people were deceived, and this was the only work of Johnson's which made his conscience uneasy in after-years. In May, 1738, he sold for ten pounds his *London, a Poem*, in imitation of a Satire of Juvenal. This was the first work which brought him into public notice. In 1744 his *Life of Savage*, his first important prose work, attracted still more attention, and he followed it by announcing his *Plan for an English Dictionary*, with a dedication to the Earl of Chesterfield. As a return for this compliment, the Earl gave him ten pounds, and then, eleven years later, when the great work was complete, attempted to pose as its patron. Johnson's letter to him, which will be found in the text, was the grandest thing which he ever wrote. It killed, once for all, the degrading system of patronage under which literature had so long suffered. In 1749, living at Hampstead, Johnson published his second and best poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*. Johnson's poetry is not good poetry: it is heavy and laboured ; he had not the poetic spirit. But long ago at

Lichfield, Johnson had, like most aspiring poets, written his five-act tragedy, called *Irene*. Garrick, now assured of success, produced it for his old friend, and, owing to Garrick's exertions, it was fairly successful — at least, from a monetary point of view. It suffers from the defects of all Johnson's verse, but it contains admirable reflections and many spirited lines.

In 1750 he began a series of moral and philosophical papers on the model of Addison's *Spectator* in *The Rambler*. Here are to be found some of the best of Johnson's writings, but they are not altogether successful, wanting entirely the ease and grace of their prototypes of the *Spectator*. As a result *The Rambler* papers are far more like sermons than essays. The diction is full of Latinisms, and the constructions are commonly modelled on Latin periods. Later on, in *The Idler*, a similar publication, Johnson's style becomes a little easier. But in the dearth of periodical literature *The Rambler* was very greatly admired, and further extended its author's reputation. In 1755 the great *Dictionary* at last appeared, and was received as a miracle. It seemed impossible that one man could have written it all. As a matter of fact, it was impossible for one man to write the first English Dictionary with complete success, and consequently he had on one occasion to reply to a lady who had taxed him with defining *pastern* as the knee of a horse — "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance!" Nor was Johnson in the least qualified to supply etymologies of his words. In some of his definitions, too, we find his personal views curiously intruding. Thus he defined *Oats* as "the food of horses in England and of men in Scotland." He always had a strong prejudice against the Scotch, though a good deal of it was doubtless inspired by the desire to tease poor Boswell. It is amusing, also, to recall his definition of *Pension*: "An allowance made to anyone without equivalent; in England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a State hireling for treason to his country." Johnson's next

work was written in haste to provide money for his mother's funeral. This was *Rasselas*, a kind of novel with a purpose. Rasselas was a Prince of Abyssinia, who was born in a Happy Valley surrounded with all comforts. He naturally grew weary of pleasure, and set out to see the world, accompanied by his sister and a wise man called Imlac. He travels about the world in search of real happiness, and finds vanity everywhere. Needless to say, this is not the sort of story which one would take up to while away a vacant hour.

Here the author's troubles ceased, for the King, at the instance of Lord Bute, granted him a pension of £300 per annum until his death. Henceforward he enjoyed life and talk and society. The Literary Club was formed to meet in Soho, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Boswell, and Johnson among its members. Johnson also made friends with Mr. Thrale, the wealthy brewer, and his wife, and spent a great deal of his time at their pleasant houses. His own home in Bolt Court contained a curious assortment of helpless pensioners, mostly old women, who lived upon Johnson's bounty, made tea for his frequent needs of it, and generally formed a rather disagreeable household. Johnson's life centred about Fleet Street, which to him was the highest product of human civilization. In 1773 Boswell persuaded him to pay a visit to the Highlands and the Hebrides. Both the travellers wrote minute accounts of that memorable journey. They took very little account of the scenery, but met and conversed with all the notable people of Scotland, including Flora Macdonald, the heroine of '45. Johnson's account—*Journey to the Western Highlands*—aroused some resentment there, partly because of his acute refusal to believe in the existence of the so-called Gaelic "Homer," Ossian's *Fingal*, which is now known to be Macpherson's forgery.

Not to mention a large number of Tory pamphlets—many of them against John Wilkes—Johnson's next work was his

best and last—his *Lives of the Poets.* Here the style is very much simpler and better, and while his criticisms are based upon principles hopelessly alien to modern taste, every life contains true and witty judgments.

Johnson seems to have been deserted by Boswell in the last two years of his life, when the attacks of disease made him more uncertain and overbearing in temper. He died in loneliness at his house in Bolt Court in 1784, at the age of seventy-five. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The extracts from Boswell's *Life* which are given in the text are intended to exhibit every side of his character. They do not, perhaps, sufficiently illustrate the deep humanity and religious feeling which lay beneath his tyrannous manner and strange exterior. I cannot do better than quote Macaulay's words on the subject of his position in the world of letters: "What a singular destiny has been that of this remarkable man! To be regarded in his own age as a classic and in ours as a companion. To receive from his contemporaries that full homage which men of genius have in general received only from posterity. To be more intimately known to posterity than other men are known to their contemporaries." And this he owes to James Boswell—and the spirit of hero-worship.

Oliver Goldsmith.—If Johnson talked better than he wrote, it was said of GOLDSMITH that he

> "—— wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll."

Many are the occasions in which Goldsmith is made to cut a poor figure in the presence of Johnson. But Time has its revenges: posterity has judged Johnson's style to be scarcely readable, while *The Vicar of Wakefield* grows every day in popularity. *She Stoops to Conquer* is one of the two or three old plays beside Shakespeare's which remain in the classical répertoire of this country's theatre, and *The Deserted Village*

finds a place in every anthology. It would be hard to name another English writer who has achieved great success in three distinct branches of literature. Nor do these three by any means exhaust Goldsmith's astounding versatility. He wrote a Natural History of all living creatures. He wrote Histories of England, Greece, and Rome. He did a great deal of journalism. Much of this was hack-work, written under pressure to satisfy the needs of his purse, and has, of course, submitted to the fate which is greedy to devour such productions. But it never spoiled the charm of the man or of his style. Indeed, the chief charm of *The Vicar of Wakefield* is the charm of the author in a work largely autobiographical. His career was interesting and romantic. An Irishman by birth, he had the quickness, the grace, and some of the proverbial shiftlessness of that charming race. He was born in 1728, and entered Trinity College, Dublin, in the famous year '45. He was first destined for the Church, his father's profession, but failed to pass his examination. Then, being sent to London to study law, he acted like his own "Moses" in *The Vicar of Wakefield*—spent his money and returned home in disgrace. The next profession he assailed was that of medicine, and his forgiving parents sent him to Edinburgh to study it. Of course he did nothing there, and when he had exhausted the amusements of Edinburgh, took ship for France. On the way he was caught and imprisoned as a Jacobite, and on being released crossed over to Holland, and studied a little more medicine at the famous University of Leyden. Before a year had passed he was off again for a tour of Europe. A tour of Europe generally requires money, and this was the one thing that Goldsmith could never keep. But he was an Irishman and a genius: he bought a flute and played his way through France. We shall see how he describes this period with charming good-humour in his poem *The Traveller*. In this way he traversed almost every country in Europe—a magnificent education indeed!

In 1756 he drifted back to London without a penny or the means of earning one. A frightful struggle against starvation followed, in a dingy garret near the Old Bailey. He tried innumerable shifts to earn a living, once as a proof-reader in Richardson's printing-house, again as a chemist's assistant, sometimes practising as a doctor, for though he never passed an examination, even in after-years of success his friends styled him "Doctor." All the time he was writing without reward or recognition for various periodicals, but never without his natural grace and sympathy. Among these fugitive pieces came at last (in 1760) a series that attracted attention to the writer—this was his series of "Chinese" Letters, afterwards republished as *The Citizen of the World*. Literary comparisons are not to be encouraged, but the reader who studies these letters of "Lien Chi" side by side with Addison's *Spectator* paper called "Sa Ga Yean Qua Rash Tow's Impressions of London" will see the difference between an attempt and an achievement.

Among the first friends that Goldsmith's dawning fame attracted to him were Dr. Percy and Tobias Smollett. The former was to be that Bishop Percy whose *Reliques* did such inestimable service in rescuing for us the old ballads of the North. The latter was then editor of the *Critical Review*, and therefore in a position to help Goldsmith's career very materially. Now, for the first time, Oliver Goldsmith began to make money; he left his garret for Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where he was neighbour to Johnson. The acquaintance between these two great men began in 1761. Goldsmith had always admired Johnson's work, and now he had an opportunity of admiring his personality and his conversation. Johnson treated him with condescending patronage, but did him invaluable service. Three years later Goldsmith had moved out to the rural suburb of Canonbury, and one day found himself in difficulties about his rent. He sent, in his distress, for Johnson, who came instantly, and saw among

his papers the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which had been written, probably, in 1762. Johnson seized the manuscript and hurried off with it to a bookseller. He returned with sixty pounds. A further search among the Irishman's littered papers revealed more treasures—a poem, an excellent poem, called *The Traveller*. This was sold for twenty guineas. Both these immortal works brought universal applause, but the money was soon spent, and Goldsmith had to return to his hack-work. He compiled all sorts of books, including a *Roman History*, a *History of England*, and a colossal *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. In 1768 there appeared his first comedy, *The Good-Natured Man*, which brought in about three hundred pounds, and enabled the author to live in comparative opulence at the Temple. In 1770 another poem appeared, *The Deserted Village*,

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,"

perhaps the most popular of all his works. Then, in 1773, came his greatest play, *She Stoops to Conquer*, produced at Drury Lane with immense success. In the spring of the following year he died, and was buried in the Temple, while a monument was erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Johnson wrote his epitaph. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Burke, Percy, and the other members of the Club, entreated that it might be in the language which Goldsmith had so notably adorned and improved; but the Great Pedant was firm. Latin was the language of permanence, and Latin it should be. Among its phrases was this:

> "*Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*" ("There was scarcely one branch of literature which he did not touch; he touched nothing which he did not adorn.")

Never was an author's death more deeply lamented. Burke shed tears for him. Sir Joshua threw down his brush when he heard the news and declared he could work no more that

day. "Let not his frailties be remembered," wrote Johnson to Boswell; "he was a very great man."

It is hard to say which was his greatest work. *The Vicar of Wakefield* is the best known to-day, and, while other classics wane in popularity, this improves with time. It is amazing that a man who lived that wild and vagabond life should have entered so sympathetically into the peaceful routine of the country parson's family. All the characters are distinct and graceful. The plot is clever and the secret well kept. There is humour without coarseness, morality without preaching, simplicity without dullness. Also, there is a perennial freshness about it that shows its greatness of conception. Lovers of *Tom Jones* or *Peregrine Pickle* are lovers of the antique, but "the Vicar's" story is for everyone who can read. Next in order of value, if not first, we must place *She Stoops to Conquer*, the first clean comedy of importance since Shakespeare. Goldsmith's model was Farquhar. His style and treatment were, however, so far original that the actors themselves declared the piece "low" because Goldsmith ventured to introduce real life on the stage. He actually had to cut out from the acting version that exquisitely ludicrous scene in *The Good-Natured Man* where the bailiffs are entertained as visitors. To the artificial taste of that day bailiffs were "low." The consequence was that the plays succeeded in spite of the actors. They have all the merits of good comedy, amusing situations, clearly drawn characters, all with a touch of something kindly in their make—even Tony Lumpkin comes out well in the end—clever plots, and humorous if rather formal dialogue. Goldsmith's plays are as pleasant to read as to see.

For his poetry the best epithet is "graceful." He suffered from the limitations of his period. If he had not the poetical genius in any high degree, he had the literary faculty in the highest degree. In *The Traveller* there is eloquence, though he flatters his own country rather too openly. In *The Deserted*

Village there is a moral purpose too thinly veiled, some beautiful lines like

> "And fools who came to scoff remained to pray."
>
> "Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
> But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling."
>
> "The breezy covert of the warbling grove,"

and some "Popish" epigrams like

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

On the other hand, he calls women "females," girls "nymphs," rustics "swains," a carriage an "equipage." But these are the symptoms of his age. He improved the drama, he invented the simple story, but his genius stopped short of reforming poetry. His light verse had all the natural charm of the man. *The Retaliation* (his last work) is the gentlest of satires, and everybody loves his *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.*

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was another Irishman, another spendthrift, and another dramatist of genius. He was born in 1751 and died in 1816, but his best plays come within the limits of our Epoch. His father was Johnson's "Old Sherry," the subject of many a bitter remark, the bitterness being due to the fact that he too received a literary pension, and he too wrote a Dictionary—the Pronouncing English Dictionary. He was an actor and a professor of elocution. He sent his son Richard to Harrow. At the age of twenty-four Richard Brinsley Sheridan wrote one of his most famous plays, *The Rivals*, which stands next to Shakespeare in abiding popularity, and contains the immortal characters of Bob Acres, Mrs. Malaprop, and Sir Anthony Absolute. Every character in Sheridan, as in Shakespeare, is a distinct creation. *The Rivals* was at first a failure, but on being altered and improved met with fair success. In 1776 he succeeded Garrick as

manager of the Drury Lane Theatre, and in that capacity produced *The School for Scandal*, with its admirable study of temperament in the two brothers Charles and Joseph Surface. The third of the great trio was *The Critic*, produced in 1779. This was inspired by Buckingham's play, "The Rehearsal," and is a satirical piece with farcical scenes and characters, in which the dramatist turns critic and avenges himself on all the bores who pestered him with their plays and the wits who plagued him with their ill-informed criticisms. After these triumphs Sheridan took to politics. He was a brilliant orator —one of the greatest—but he had not the character to make a great statesman. His most eloquent speech was against Warren Hastings. He was a Whig, and a friend of Fox and the Regent. He died in disgrace and debt.

His plays are drawing-room comedy of the most perfect type. The language strikes modern ears as a little artificial, but the dialogue fairly sparkles with wit and epigram. The characters are even better drawn than Goldsmith's, the plots more elaborate and ingenious.

Edmund Burke was yet another great Irishman, and in qualities of character and intellect the greatest of all. He was born in 1729, and died in 1797. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he devoted himself especially to poetry, rhetoric, and philosophy. He was intended for the law, but we know little of the first twenty-seven years of his life. In London he became known to Johnson's circle at the Literary Club, and was admired by them long before he became known to fame. In 1756 he produced two literary works which first attracted attention—an *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, and an ironical parody of Bolingbroke, the *Vindication of Natural Society*. Johnson in particular had the highest opinion of his merits, for though Burke was a Whig and Johnson a Tory, both were what we should call strong Conservatives. To Burke the State was a living reality, which it was dangerous

to touch in any particular. He had an almost religious veneration for precedent and tradition; he would have nothing to do with Parliamentary reform; he abominated and combated the growing principles of Rousseau and Voltaire. In these views he stood almost alone in Parliament, which he entered in 1766 as Lord Rockingham's secretary and member for Wendover, but he had a large following in the country, which his eloquence and his writings very soon increased. His first Parliamentary action was to defend his chief's policy of conciliation with America. In 1778 he brought in a measure for the relief of Irish trade. At the Gordon Riots in 1780 he advised milder treatment of the Catholics, and in consequence got no office when the Whigs came into power again on the resignation of Lord North. In 1783 he and Fox joined the Tories, to whom in sympathy he had always belonged. In 1786 he moved the impeachment of Warren Hastings with magnificent and impassioned eloquence. The trial, however, dragged on for years, and the great Viceroy was ultimately acquitted. Again, in 1789, he stood forth as the champion of the oppressed, arguing on the side of Wilberforce and Fox in favour of Parliament's resolutions against the slave-trade. That was the year of the storming of the Bastille; and the French Revolution had the effect of severing the long friendship between Fox and Burke. Fox, ardent for liberty, was enthusiastic for the revolutionaries; Burke, with his conservative spirit, took the opposite side, almost alone among leaders of public opinion. His *Reflections on the French Revolution* converted hundreds to his views, and decidedly checked any great outbreak of public sympathy with the Revolution. All the rest of his political activities were devoted to the same cause. His *Letters on a Regicide Peace* were the last productions of his vigorous hatred of revolution. They appeared in 1795, but Burke had already retired from Parliament by reason of his ill-health. His death was hastened by disappointment at the death of his son. He died

in 1797—a very great man in every sense, and unquestionably the greatest of British orators.

Edward Gibbon.—One of the humblest members of the Literary Club was England's greatest historian, EDWARD GIBBON. His so-called *Autobiography*, though not entirely authentic, undoubtedly reveals the secrets of his life. He was educated on novel principles by a rich and eccentric father in his home at Putney. In his very infancy he was prodigiously learned. At the age of fifteen, in 1752, he went to Magdalen College, Oxford, with "a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed." He wasted his time at the University (as might be expected from an overcrammed home-nurtured boy), among other adventures became a Papist, and was sent down. His father took the prompt measure of dispatching him to live with a Calvinist *pasteur* at Lausanne—a measure which soon had the desired effect of reconverting him to Protestantism. During five years in Switzerland he read everything he could find with the utmost avidity. In fact, it is sufficient to say that the whole of Gibbon's life was spent in preparing and writing his one magnificent masterpiece, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. The only other facts of his life worth recalling here are that at one time he held a commission in the Hampshire Militia, and that he sat for eight years in Parliament without making a speech. He died, at the age of fifty-seven, in 1794. The *Decline and Fall* appeared in instalments from 1776 to 1787. It was a vast undertaking, the ground covered being up to his time almost untouched. The style is massive, epigrammatic, and dignified. The theme is treated with a breadth of view which makes its progress from the Antonines to the fall of Constantinople like one great tragedy. It is full of life and interest. Yet, with all its grace and brilliance, it contains a mass of erudition drawn from original sources.

Scarcely any serious inaccuracies have been detected by the vigilance of his later editors, and the work is the only English historical production whose place has never been threatened by the new scientific spirit of modern historians. But from our point of view it is more important to assert that he was one of the half-dozen greatest English prose-writers.

The Novelists.—In view of modern developments, it is important to outline so far as space permits the origin and growth of the novel. The art of fiction was not unknown among the ancients. Plato threw his philosophical dialogues into a fictional form. Petronius Arbiter, the friend of Nero, used the form of fiction to satirize his master. Lucian, the Græco-Roman satirist, in the second century A.D., wrote stories that may almost be called novels. Apuleius in the same period wrote fiction in *The Golden Ass*, and the charming romance of Cupid and Psyche. It is not to be supposed that any of these writers invented fiction. Wherever two or three Arabs are gathered about a camp-fire there will be stories told: romance is a natural faculty of the human mind. Fiction revived with the revival of letters; Boccaccio in his *Decameron* and his many imitators brought the short story to perfection. The true Italian *novella*, from which our "novel" is descended, is a short story with a love interest. But it is worthy of notice that when Chaucer wished to reproduce Boccaccio for English readers he turned the stories into verse, and for many centuries thereafter when a man desired to write a story he made it either a poem or a drama. The Elizabethans had, of course, their prose romances, of which Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* is a good example. But they had no plot to speak of, no character-drawing; they were generally allegories with long set speeches, and belong rather to the art of rhetoric than of fiction. Next to be mentioned is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, which is, of course, an allegory, but no doubt created a taste for stories in plain English.

In the generation following comes Daniel Defoe with *Robinson Crusoe* and *Captain Singleton*, which still further increased the public appetite for stories, but in their lack of personal interest or characterization can scarcely be called novels. Swift's great satire of the same period, *Gulliver's Travels*, was, and is, accepted by many as a story-book. The Sir Roger de Coverley papers also prepared the way for the novelists of the present Epoch—Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Fanny Burney. From this group sprang into being that new and remarkable plant of prose fiction, which, like the upas-tree, has overshadowed and blighted both poetry and drama in the present generation.

Samuel Richardson was a printer of humble origin, who married his master's daughter, and raised himself by strict attention to business. He was past fifty before it occurred to him to write a book. This was *Pamela*, which appeared in 1740. It was intended partly as a guide to polite letter-writing (for it is all in the form of letters), and partly as a moral warning to the young and innocent. It tells the rise of a young domestic servant who, by virtue and innocence, not unaccompanied by good looks, came to be a mistress. In 1748 Richardson followed up his success with *Clarissa Harlowe*, a far more artistic performance, in which we see virtue and innocence and beauty triumphant over the persecutions of an unscrupulous Lovelace. The popularity of this work led its author to put forth all his powers in the description of a perfect gentleman. The result was *Sir Charles Grandison* (1754), who to modern taste is a type of the prig and snob combined. Richardson's novels sold prodigiously. Johnson praised his knowledge of the human heart, and there are some who enjoy him to-day. Such readers have a copious feast, for *Clarissa* extends to seven volumes. Richardson's dates are from 1689 to 1761.

Henry Fielding was an Etonian who began his literary career by writing comedies of no great merit and practising

at the Bar. Richardson's *Pamela* excited his mirth, and his first novel, *Joseph Andrews* (1742), was a burlesque upon it. Fielding possessed what Richardson did not—a sense of humour; he was, moreover, an educated man who had gained useful experience in writing for the stage. His next novel was an account of the highwaymen, *Jonathan Wild;* then, in 1749, came his masterpiece, *Tom Jones.* Two years later he completed the series with *Amelia*, a tender study of womanhood. Before this Fielding had been made by the kind offices of Lord Lyttelton a Justice of the Peace for Westminster, and proved a zealous and useful judge. At any rate, it would be hard to find a man with a wider knowledge of human nature or a kindlier sympathy for human frailties. He died in 1754. Now, these novels, and *Tom Jones* especially, are neither pleasant nor desirable reading for the young, or those who, after the present fashion, want a brisk story, with perhaps a dash of sentiment. They are novels for men—not, it should be observed, immoral books; for their general tendency is honest, manly, and wholly on the side of virtue. The thing that Fielding hated most in the world was a hypocrite, like his Blifil; the sins of the flesh he could pardon, unless deliberately committed. Our generation prefers a hypocrite to a libertine, and therefore condemns Fielding, as did Thackeray's Colonel Newcome. But having said so much to indicate that the young reader will find small profit and no entertainment in these books, one must add an appreciation of their greatness in the history of literature. Fielding is the Homer of prose fiction, alike in antiquity, in range, and in power. *Tom Jones* is on the epic scale in eighteen books, and tells the life-story of its hero. Its men and women are all real flesh and blood, its scenes are true and moving, and the story is told with a racy vigour and unfailing good humour that carries the reader without a check over a colossal field. Like all the early novelists, the author is never in a hurry. He takes leave to digress when

he chooses, and spends his loving care upon the least of his characters.

It is customary to label all the novelists of the eighteenth century as coarse. It is true that the eighteenth century had standards of taste as different from those of the nineteenth as they were superior to those of the seventeenth. If any of the eighteenth-century novelists deserves the accusation of unpardonable coarseness, it is TOBIAS SMOLLETT. *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and the *Expedition of Humphrey Clinker*, if they have humour, have the humour only of caricature and farce. Smollett was a Scotsman, at one time a ship's doctor, and later on a journalist and editor. His dates are 1721 to 1771.

LAURENCE STERNE was a wayward and original genius, the wittiest, and perhaps the wickedest, of the four. His father was an army officer who was killed in a duel and left his little son to the care of relatives. Laurence was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge. He entered the Church, received a fat benefice in Yorkshire, and spent a lazy, rollicking life in the enjoyment of it. He lived the last seven years in London dissipations, and died, at the age of fifty-five, in 1768. His two novels are *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*—if they may be called novels. *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy* is an elaborate practical joke on the reader, for the hero does not get born until near the end of a very long book. *The Sentimental Journey* is a whimsical journal of the author's visit to France in 1762. Delightfully witty, with a singular freshness of style, that perhaps owes a good deal to French influence, they stand apart from everything, and fall into none of the accepted categories of literature. They have, too, a vein of humorous sentiment which is all their own. The pity is that they are full of the worst sort of indecency—innuendo. It must also be admitted that Sterne, for all his originality, was a shameless plagiarist. He has stolen a great deal from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. He draws his own character

in both these books, with his own pathetic humour, as Yorick the parish priest. "Alas, poor Yorick!" Had be been a better man he had been one of our greatest.

FANNY BURNEY, afterwards Madame d'Arblay, deserves mention here as the first woman novelist, and—with the exception of Lady Mary Montague—the first English woman whose contribution to literature was at all considerable. Those who seek to understand the charm of the long-drawn-out and patient character-drawing of the eighteenth-century novelists—readers, that is, who are not in a hurry—may safely be recommended to study *Evelina*. Produced anonymously in fear and trembling, it obtained a great success, and earned the praise of Dr. Johnson, who unbent from his dignity to encourage the modest young authoress. She wrote also *Cecilia* and *Camilla*, but the first was the better. She lived from 1752 to 1840.

HORACE WALPOLE'S *Castle of Otranto*, though of small literary merit, is of importance to the history of literature as the first historical novel in modern English.

Poetry—Thomas Gray.—The representative poets of this Epoch are, successively, Gray and Cowper. The representative style is still, as has been already remarked, the conventional heroic measure. THOMAS GRAY lived the life of a scholar, scarcely moving from his rooms at Cambridge. Like Milton before him, he was the son of a London scrivener (something between a solicitor and a stockbroker) in prosperous circumstances. His father was a man of strange and wilful temper, who left his wife to bring up the family on the profits of her trade as a milliner. Two of her brothers were masters at Eton, and thither Thomas went, at the age of eleven, in 1727. He became an excellent scholar, and Horace Walpole was among his friends. In 1734 both Gray and Walpole went to Cambridge, and after five years' residence there started together on a tour in France and Italy. As often happens on such occasions, a quarrel ensued, for which Horace Walpole

was content to take the blame, and they parted company. While Gray was abroad his father died, and the young scholar found himself considerably poorer than he expected. He therefore returned to Cambridge, where, at the colleges of Peterhouse and then Pembroke, the rest of his life was passed. He was a man of immense learning—his friend and biographer, Mason, calls him the most learned man in Europe—and his learning was as various as it was deep. Poetry was his constant recreation. He studied it as an art, examined its rules, and produced his lines with the most careful diligence. In 1742 he wrote three of his famous odes—*Spring*, *On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, and *To Adversity*. In this year also, on one of his visits to his mother, who lived at Stoke Poges, a beautiful village near Slough, he began his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which he only completed and published eight years later, in 1750. A few years after this he published, by the help of Horace Walpole, his pindaric odes—*The Bard* and *The Progress of Poesy*, which few understood, but many praised. They lifted him at once to the front rank of poets. He was offered the Laureateship, but, being always something of a recluse, with a lofty contempt for worldly honours, declined it, and it passed to one Thomas Whitehead, whose achievements are long since forgotten. In 1768 he was made Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, a post which he had already unsuccessfully solicited. He died in 1771. He was neither popular nor happy in his life; his learning made him contemptuous of lesser men. In addition to his English poetry he wrote verse in Latin, and some charming letters describing his visits to Scotland and the English Lakes and a boating tour on the Wye.

The principal characteristic of Gray's poetry has already been indicated; its merits are the result of labour, a knowledge of the art, and a profound search for the right word. Inspiration he lacked, but he had a strain of pensive melancholy, which has found an echo in the popular imagination.

There are few poems better known or more quoted than the *Elegy*, and few which deserve popularity more fully; for it is, in its way, perfect—alike in its simple sentiment, its eloquent expression, and its smooth versification. Gray is peculiarly a poet worth studying precisely, because he is not beyond the reach of imitation. It may be mentioned here that Dr. Johnson had a very low opinion of his merits, and submits him to a very close, and somewhat pedantic, criticism in his *Lives of the Poets*.

William Cowper.—William Cowper (1731 to 1800) was born of good family, being descended on the father's side from the Lord Chancellor, Earl Cowper, and on the mother's from the satirist Dr. Donne. He was throughout life extremely and painfully sensitive, to the verge of insanity. The death of his mother when he was five years old prostrated him for years. At his boarding-school he was bullied, and made seriously ill by it. Then he was sent to Westminster, where for the first time he knew something like happiness. Warren Hastings was among his schoolfellows. At school he became a good scholar, and left at the age of eighteen to enter an attorney's office. He had no aptitude nor liking for his profession, and at the death of his father, in 1756, found himself a briefless barrister with very slender means of livelihood. He was offered, by the influence of his relations, a clerkship in the House of Lords, but the prospect of the examination so preyed upon his sensitive feelings that he attempted suicide. He was committed to an asylum, where, in the course of time, he partially recovered. The remainder of his life was passed in the country, chiefly at the village of Olney, in Buckinghamshire, with which his name is associated. It is useless to go into further details. Twice again he attempted suicide; the fits of insanity more than once returned. At one time he was under the influence of a Methodist clergyman, a reformed slaver, who filled him with

Calvinistic terrors of hell. But happier influences came from the ladies who at various times soothed him with benignant friendship—from Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and Lady Hesketh. In his youth he had been devoted to Milton's poetry, and in his nervous mental condition he returned to poetry for his relief. It was Lady Austen who told him the story of John Gilpin one evening, and the sensitive poet, after lying awake with it all night, produced the famous ballad next morning. It was Lady Austen also who persuaded him to try a more ambitious flight in blank verse. The poet asked for a subject, and the lady replied: "Oh, you can write on any subject. Write on this sofa." The result was the long poem called *The Task*. From this unpromising subject Cowper extracted a work whose principal characteristic is the praise of country life. It is a poem which has been much loved and admired. The only other works of Cowper beside these two which deserve mention are his *Letters*, which are unquestionably among the most charming examples of this kind of literature, and such lyrics as *To Mary*, the well-known *Boadicea*, and the *Loss of the "Royal George."*

As for the place of Cowper in the literary world it is not easy to speak with certainty. *John Gilpin* is among our permanent treasures of light verse, but *The Task* and the rest of Cowper's poetry is almost daily losing ground. There is, it must be confessed, no powerful or sustained interest in it, though there is charm and graceful fancy enough. But it is too long for lovers of the lyric, too light and discursive for epic, so that with all diffidence one is forced to doubt whether Cowper is sure of immortality. Yet his place in the history of literature is important, for he hands on the torch of natural poetry and love of country life from his predecessor, Thomson, to his successor, Wordsworth. In great poets, for the most part, we find a union of sensibility, intellect, and some powerful moving spirit. Cowper had sensibility developed to the utmost limits of sanity, and beyond; he had

intellect also, but there is a want of purpose in his work which deprives it of its place among the greatest. The best feature of his work is the love of animals, which he preached and practised throughout his unhappy life.

William Blake.—WILLIAM BLAKE is no more to be placed in the history of literature than a shooting-star can be mapped by astronomy. He is the type of wayward genius. The son of a poor London hosier, he owes nothing to school or University, but he was born with the vision of the seer. When he was fourteen years old he wrote the beautiful song:

"How sweet I roamed from field to field."

There had been nothing of that sort before, though there has been much of the same sort since. How did Blake learn it? He is the best proof that poets are sometimes born, not made. He was brought up by a broad-minded father to an artistic career, attended a drawing school in the Strand, and then was apprenticed to an engraver in Lincoln's Inn. He was as remarkable in art as in literature, and his poetry was generally illustrated by himself. In 1782, at the age of twenty-five, he married a young woman of humble parentage, like his own, to whom he taught all she ever knew, and who repaid him with unceasing devotion. He then opened an engraver's shop, where he sold his own pictures and poems to a discerning few. He had had the originality to throw aside the whole dreary mass of the conventional school, and return for his models to Spenser and the old ballads lately recovered for the world in Percy's *Reliques*. It is remarkable how often in the history of literature Spenser has been a source of new inspiration to poetry. Blake's two most famous collections are the *Songs of Innocence* and the *Songs of Experience*. He had the eye of an artist, the soul of a prophet, and with all this a thing infinitely greater—a moral purpose. His gospel was of tenderness and love.

"For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is God our Father dear;
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love,
Is man, his child and care."

And again:

"A Robin Redbreast in a cage
Puts all heaven in a rage."

And:

"Then cherish pity, lest you drive an angel from your door."

But beside this he is a mystic and a symbolist; that is to say, he sees eternal truths through the medium of common things. It is the language of symbolism that sees the

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the watches of the night."

Now, mysticism, or the delicate perception of analogies, is a peculiarity of the poetry of our own time. William Blake is associated with Rossetti, though a hundred years divided them. Blake is worshipped by our modern decadents, who find in his mysticism some affinity. But it should be noted that Blake is on the side of virtue, of simple goodness, mercy, and love, whereas the modern decadent hastens to proclaim his disbelief in these things. It is not in accordance with the accepted view of English literature to assert that Blake is greater than any other poet in this volume, but time will assuredly prove that the qualities which go to the making of Blake's rhapsodies are the qualities which, after all, endure. He has written a great deal which is unintelligible; he is often guilty of poetical faults, of ugliness and bathos; but when all this is taken into account, if poetry has any real place in life, a grain of Blake is worth a bushel of conventional heroics. Blake died in 1807.

Robert Burns.—Robert Burns also stands apart from the ordinary course of English literature, but for a different reason. He is the embodiment, for our period, of the Scottish spirit—the spirit of Dunbar, Montgomerie, Drummond, Thomson, and the nameless poets of the Border ballads. He shows,

indeed, the influence of the current fashions of English poetry, and his work is often an incongruous blend of his rugged natural humour with the stilted tone of conventional verse. Thus, in the poem *Mary Morison*, after a typically Scottish quatrain—

> "Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
> And yon the toast of a' the toun,
> I sighed, and said amang them a'
> 'Ye are na Mary Morison'"—

he follows with a dandified piece of conventional sentiment:

> "O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
> Wha for thy sake would gladly die?
> Or canst thou break that heart of his
> Whose only fault is loving thee?"

Robert Burns (1759 to 1796) was born in a humble cottage two miles from the town of Ayr. His father was a poor crofter, and there were six other children. Among the few books which taught him the love of letters were the works of Addison, but presently he studied Shakespeare, Pope, Goldsmith, and others. He is, therefore, an example of the self-taught rather than the uneducated genius. He worked as a ploughboy in his youth, and failing in most of his efforts, determined to emigrate. He was only prevented by the success of his earlier poems, published in 1786, which now began to attract attention. The poet went to Edinburgh, where he was kindly received, and, among others, he met Walter Scott, then a boy of fifteen. In 1788 he bought a farm with the proceeds of his poetry, and retired to the neighbourhood of Dumfries with his wife, "Bonnie Jean" Armour. Towards the end of 1789 he accepted a post in the Excise, gave up his farm, and went to live in the town of Dumfries. This was unfortunate. The democratic sentiment of his poems gave offence to the authorities: he gave himself up to dissipation, to which he had always been prone. He died, at the age of thirty-eight, in 1796.

Robert Burns has, perhaps, suffered from the excessive

adulation of his fellow-countrymen, who would fain convert the author of many admirable songs into one of the world's greatest poets. He had supremely the lyric gift. No man has written more beautiful songs in any language. His faith is a lively faith in the dignity of man as man—"A man's a man for a' that"—and the dignity of labour. He loves liberty. He asserts against the gloomy Calvinism of his national religion the right of mankind to be happy. But, above all, it is for his love-songs that he is dear to the heart of the world. He was capable of great love, and could express it in the tenderest and most charming tones. His songs—according to his diligent biographers—are addressed to no fewer than thirty-five different women. With his intensely local interests, he wrote also such extremely popular national songs as *Scots wha hae;* while *Auld Lang Syne* is probably the best known song in the world. His most considerable works are *The Cottar's Saturday Night*, a delightful picture of a typical crofter's household, religious, industrious, and thrifty; *Tam o' Shanter*, a delicately humorous satire of a very different tendency; and *The Twa Dogs*, a dialogue in verse.

Other Poets.—Other poets who require mention include, above all, the brilliant, but unfortunate, boy-poet, THOMAS CHATTERTON—"the marvellous boy, the sleepless soul that perished in his pride." His father was in the choir at the Bristol Cathedral, and the boy was sent to the Bluecoat School near that city. Leaving school, he was put into an attorney's office, where he seems to have found leisure, as well as paper and ink. His mind was saturated with Chaucer, and among his few possessions was a dictionary to Chaucer's works. In 1764 he produced a series of poems in old English, which he, unfortunately, determined to pass off as genuine antiquities. He ascribed them to a monk of the fifteenth century called Rowley, and declared that his father had found them in an old chest. He sent them to Horace Walpole, who consulted

Gray as to their authenticity, and eventually discovered the fraud. In 1770 Chatterton came up to London to seek his fortune. He did a little journalism, living poorly in a garret in Shoreditch. Disappointments came upon him, and in a desperate moment, when, had he known it, he was on the verge of success, he took poison, and died in his eighteenth year, 1770. He had written very little, but that little is pure gold. From it Keats drew his inspiration, and, indeed, dedicated his *Endymion* "to the memory of Thomas Chatterton." All who care for the romantic spirit are under a deep obligation to him.

It is strange to have to mention in the same section a poet of so very different a character as the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE, but he has been too popular to be entirely omitted in a book of this nature. He was born in Suffolk, of poor parents, and, by favour of Burke, rose in the world until he was able to take Holy Orders. For the greater part of his life he devoted himself to parish work. His best-known poems are *The Village* and *The Parish Register*. They are all written in heroic couplets of the strictest kind, and are almost the last productions of the conventional Muse. His dates were 1754 to 1832.

Conclusion.—We have now only to mention a few isolated works which hardly enter the regular course of literature, and to review the wide field we have already traversed. The *Letters to his Son* of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of CHESTERFIELD, who died, at the age of eighty, in 1773, are examples of elegant correspondence. The noble Earl was Walpole's bitterest opponent in the councils of George II., and is well known to us for his attempt to patronize Johnson. He was a wit and a fop and an orator; his letters, which betray a shameless cynicism, amuse those whom they do not irritate. They are couched in language of the most exalted elegance, and indicate the correct behaviour of a young gentleman in the world of fashion. The *Letters* of Horace Walpole are

more interesting for their contents. They are full of gay gossip about the notable men and women of the time. He was the son of the great Sir Robert, but never took seriously to politics. He lived rather in literary circles, making his home at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham, where he set up a private printing-press for the production of his own works. Our extract shows a fashionable man's views of JOHN WESLEY, one of the great figures of this period, whose own *Journal*, not to mention the popular hymns which he wrote in conjunction with his brother Charles, deserve mention here.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS was, as we have seen, one of the foremost members of the Johnsonian circle. Both by precept and example he did immense service to English art. He was the first President of the Royal Academy, and his fourteen *Discourses* on art delivered at the annual prize-givings deserve to be read and studied by every student of art. His main principle was the assertion that line is of infinitely more importance than colour in painting.

In 1779 appeared GILBERT WHITE'S *Natural History of Selborne*, a book full of charm and interest to lovers of the country. It started all that literature of the hedgerow which is now so popular, and gave a great impulse to scientific research.

To sum up, we are now dealing with a period of vigorous mental activity. We have here Oratory at its best, Drama at its second best, History at its best, Fiction at its most promising birth. The art of Criticism is now developing in the hands of Johnson. The science of Economics is born with Adam Smith.

Yet in the eyes of many people, to whom literature means poetry, the poetical developments which were going on under the surface are of supreme interest. We saw in the last Epoch that men like James Thomson and Dyer were reviving an interest in Nature. Here their work is carried on by Burns and Cowper, who are preparing the way for Wordsworth. On

another side the conventional Heroic Style is being attacked, by the Ode, which William Collins lifted to new dignity, and which reaches perfection in the hands of Gray. On another side, the influence of Spenser, felt so strongly by Blake and Chatterton, is attacking it with the forces of medievalism and romance. On yet another side, humour and the light ballad style of *John Gilpin* and *The Mad Dog* are attacking it. Under all these attacks the imposing stucco-fronted edifice of the Heroic Style, designed by Denham and Waller, erected by Dryden, and adorned by Pope, is crumbling to pieces. It only remains for Wordsworth and Coleridge, with the publication of their *Lyrical Ballads* in 1798 and its famous preface, to sweep the ruins away into the limbo of dead fashions. That is the work of our next Epoch.

I.

THOMAS GRAY.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood :

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say:
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree.
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown,
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

II.

THOMAS GRAY.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.

Awake, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers, that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

O sovereign of the willing soul!
Parent of sweet and solemn breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,
And frantic passions, hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king,
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of fate!

The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky;
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom,
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursues, and generous shame,
Th' unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering labyrinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish
Mute, but to the voice of anguish?
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.

Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant power,
And coward vice that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: The dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw: but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy hovering o'er
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah; 'tis heard no more.—

O lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

III.

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

1. Nor can I omit a little instance of that jealous independence of spirit, and impetuosity of temper, which never forsook him. The fact was acknowledged to me by himself, upon the authority of his mother. One day when the servant who used to be sent to school to conduct him home, had not come in time, he set out by himself, though he was then so near-sighted that he was obliged to stoop down on his hands and knees to take a view of the kennel, before he ventured to step over it. His schoolmistress, afraid that he might miss his way, or fall into the kennel, or be run over by a cart, followed him at some distance. He happened to turn about and perceive her. Feeling her careful attention as an insult to his manliness, he ran back to her in a rage, and beat her, as well as his strength would permit.

Of the power of his memory, for which he was all his life eminent to a degree almost incredible, the following early instance was told me in his presence at Lichfield, in 1776, by

his step-daughter, Mrs. Lucy Porter, as related to her by his mother. When he was a child in petticoats, and had learned to read, Mrs. Johnson one morning put the Common Prayer Book into his hands, pointed to the collect for the day, and said, "Sam, you must get this by heart." She went upstairs, leaving him to study it; but by the time she had reached the second floor, she heard him following her. "What's the matter?" said she. "I can say it," he replied; and he repeated it distinctly, though he could not have read it more than twice.

2. I know not for what reason the marriage ceremony was not performed at Birmingham; but a resolution was taken that it should be at Derby, for which place the bride and bridegroom set out on horseback, I suppose in very good humour. But though Mr. Topham Beauclerk used archly to mention Johnson's having told him with much gravity, "Sir, it was a love marriage on both sides," I have heard from my illustrious friend the following curious account of their journey to church upon the nuptial morn:—"Sir, she had read the old romances, and had got into her head the fantastical notion that a woman of spirit should use her lover like a dog. So, Sir, at first she told me that I rode too fast, and she could not keep up with me: and, when I rode a little slower, she passed me, and complained that I lagged behind. I was not to be made the slave of caprice; and I resolved to begin as I meant to end. I therefore pushed on briskly, till I was fairly out of her sight. The road lay between two hedges, so I was sure she could not miss it; and I contrived that she should soon come up with me. When she did, I observed her to be in tears."

This, it must be allowed, was a singular beginning of connubial felicity; but there is no doubt that Johnson, though he thus showed a manly firmness, proved a most affectionate and indulgent husband to the last moments of Mrs. Johnson's life: and in his "Prayers and Meditations," we find very remark-

able evidence that his regard and fondness for her never ceased, even after her death.

3. Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued: ADAMS: "This is a great work, Sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?" JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welch gentleman who has published a collection of Welch proverbs, who will help me with the Welch." ADAMS: "But, Sir, how can you do this in three years?" JOHNSON: "Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years." ADAMS: "But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary." JOHNSON: "Sir, thus it is: this is the proportion. Let me see; forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman." With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of that prodigious labour which he had undertaken to execute.

4. "TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

"*February* 7, 1755.

"MY LORD,

"I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of 'The World,' that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

"When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre;*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to

continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

"Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

"The shepherd in 'Virgil' grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

"Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the publick should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

"Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

"My Lord, your Lordship's most humble,

"Most obedient servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

5. At last, on Monday, the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back-parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of *Horatio*, when he addresses *Hamlet* on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from."—"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expence of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation

with him, I ventured to say, "O Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir," said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me for ever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation.

6. Mr. Ogilvie was unlucky enough to choose for the topick of his conversation the praises of his native country. He began with saying that there was very rich land around Edinburgh. Goldsmith, who had studied physick there, contradicted this, very untruly, with a sneering laugh. Disconcerted a little by this, Mr. Ogilvie then took a new ground, where, I suppose, he thought himself perfectly safe; for he observed, that Scotland had a great many noble wild prospects. JOHNSON: "I believe, Sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble wild prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for prodigious noble wild prospects. But, Sir, let me tell you, the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the highroad that leads him to England!" This unexpected and pointed sally produced a roar of applause. After all, however, those who admire the rude grandeur of nature cannot deny it to Caledonia.

7. Talking of those who denied the truth of Christianity, he said, "It is always easy to be on the negative side. If a man were now to deny that there is salt upon the table, you could

not reduce him to an absurdity. Come, let us try this a little further. I deny that Canada is taken, and I can support my denial by pretty good arguments. The French are a much more numerous people than we ; and it is not likely that they would allow us to take it. 'But the ministry have assured us, in all the formality of the Gazette, that it is taken.'—Very true. But the ministry have put us to an enormous expence by the war in America, and it is their interest to persuade us that we have got something for our money.—'But the fact is confirmed by thousands of men who were at the taking of it.' —Ay, but these men have still more interest in deceiving us. They don't want that you should think the French have beat them, but that they have beat the French. Now suppose you should go over and find that it really is taken, that would only satisfy yourself ; for when you come home we will not believe you. We will say, you have been bribed.—Yet, Sir, notwithstanding all these plausible objections, we have no doubt that Canada is really ours. Such is the weight of common testimony. How much stronger are the evidences of the Christian religion ?"

8. To such a degree of unrestrained frankness had he now accustomed me, that in the course of this evening I talked of the numerous reflections which had been thrown out against him, on account of his having accepted a pension from his present Majesty. "Why, Sir," said he, with a hearty laugh, "it is a mighty foolish noise that they make. I have accepted of a pension as a reward which has been thought due to my literary merit ; and now that I have this pension, I am the same man in every respect that I have ever been ; I retain the same principles. It is true, that I cannot now curse (smiling) the House of Hanover ; nor would it be decent for me to drink King James's health in the wine that King George gives me money to pay for. But, Sir, I think that the pleasure of cursing the House of Hanover, and drinking King James's health, are amply overbalanced by three hundred pounds a year."

9. "Sir, I love the acquaintance of young people, because, in the first place, I don't like to think myself growing old. In the next place, young acquaintances must last longest, if they do last; and then, Sir, young men have more virtue than old men; they have more generous sentiments in every respect. I love the young dogs of this age; they have more wit and humour and knowledge of life than we had; but then the dogs are not so good scholars. Sir, in my early years I read very hard. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good, but I had all the facts. I remember very well when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task."

10. On Saturday, July 30, Dr. Johnson and I took a sculler at the Temple Stairs, and set out for Greenwich. I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. JOHNSON: "Most certainly, Sir; for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, Sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well and carry on the business of life, to good advantage without learning." JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows us as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." He then called to the boy, "What would you give, my lad, to know about the Argonauts?" "Sir," said the boy, "I would give what I have." Johnson was much pleased with his answer, and we gave him a double fare. Dr. Johnson then turning to me, "Sir," said he,

"a desire of knowledge is the natural feeling of mankind; and every human being whose mind is not debauched, will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge."

11. Next day, Sunday, July 3, I told him I had been that morning at a meeting of the people called Quakers, where I had heard a woman preach. JOHNSON: "Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog's walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

12. One evening, when a young gentleman teased him with an account of the infidelity of his servant, who, he said, would not believe the Scriptures, because he could not read them in the original tongues, and be sure that they were not invented:—"Why, foolish fellow," said Johnson, "has he any better authority for almost everything that he believes?" BOSWELL: "Then the vulgar, Sir, never can know they are right, but must submit themselves to the learned." JOHNSON: "To be sure, Sir. The vulgar are the children of the State, and must be taught like children." BOSWELL: "Then, Sir, a poor Turk must be a Mahometan, just as a poor Englishman must be a Christian?" JOHNSON: "Why, yes, Sir; and what then? This, now, is such stuff as I used to talk to my mother, when I first began to think myself a clever fellow; and she ought to have whipt me for it."

13. He honoured me with his company at dinner on the 16th of October, at my lodgings in Old Bond Street, with Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr. Garrick, Dr. Goldsmith, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Bickerstaff, and Mr. Thomas Davies. Garrick played round him with a fond vivacity, taking hold of the breasts of his coat, and, looking up in his face with a lively archness, complimented him on the good health which he seemed then to enjoy; while the sage, shaking his head, beheld him with a gentle complacency. One of the company not being come at the appointed hour, I proposed, as usual upon such occasions, to order dinner to be served; adding, "Ought six people to be kept waiting for one?" "Why, yes," answered Johnson, with

a delicate humanity, "if the one will suffer more by your sitting down than the six will do by waiting." Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about bragging of his dress, and I believe was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully prone to such impressions. "Come, come," said Garrick, "talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!" Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically, "Nay, you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill dress'd*." "Well, let me tell you," said Goldsmith, "when my taylor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, 'Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When any body asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane.'" JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour."

After dinner our conversation first turned upon Pope. Johnson said, his characters of men were admirably drawn, those of women not so well. He repeated to us, in his forcible melodious manner, the concluding lines of the Dunciad. While he was talking loudly in praise of those lines, one of the company ventured to say, "Too fine for such a poem: a poem on what?" JOHNSON (with a disdainful look): "Why, on *dunces*. It was worth while being a dunce then. Ah, Sir, hadst *thou* lived in those days! It is not worth while being a dunce now, when there are no wits."

14. Sir Adam suggested, that luxury corrupts a people, and destroys the spirit of liberty. JOHNSON: "Sir, that is all visionary. I would not give half a guinea to live under one form of government rather than another. It is of no moment to the happiness of an individual. Sir, the danger of the abuse of power is nothing to a private man. What Frenchman is prevented from passing his life as he pleases?" SIR

ADAM: "But, Sir, in the British constitution it is surely of importance to keep up a spirit in the people, so as to preserve a balance against the crown." JOHNSON: "Sir, I perceive you are a vile Whig.—Why all this childish jealousy of the power of the crown? The crown has not power enough. When I say that all governments are alike, I consider that in no government can power be abused long. Mankind will not bear it. If a sovereign oppresses his people to a great degree, they will rise and cut off his head. There is a remedy in human nature against tyranny, that will keep us safe under every form of government. Had not the people of France thought themselves honoured in sharing in the brilliant actions of Louis XIV., they would not have endured him; and we may say the same of the King of Prussia's people."

15. A gentleman having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this: "You know, Sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" JOHNSON: "Yes, Sir, if he sat next *you*."

16. Goldsmith, however, was often very fortunate in his witty contests, even when he entered the lists with Johnson himself. Sir Joshua Reynolds was in company with them one day, when Goldsmith said, that he thought he could write a good fable, mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and observed, that in most fables the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes, who saw birds fly over their heads, and envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds. The skill," continued he, "consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged himself in this fanciful reverie, he observed Johnson shaking his sides, and laughing. Upon which he smartly proceeded, "Why, Dr. Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES."

17. "Mr. James Macpherson,

"I received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence offered me I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian.

"What would you have me retract? I thought your book an imposture; I think it an imposture still. For this opinion I have given my reasons to the publick, which I here dare you to refute. Your rage I defy. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable; and what I hear of your morals inclines me to pay regard not to what you shall say, but to what you shall prove. You may print this if you will.

"Sam. Johnson."

18. We walked with Dr. Adams into the master's garden, and into the common room. Johnson (after a reverie of meditation): "Ay! Here I used to play at draughts with Phil Jones and Fludyer. Jones loved beer, and did not get very forward in the Church. Fludyer turned out a scoundrel a Whig, and said he was ashamed of having been bred at Oxford. He had a living at Putney, and got under the eye of some retainers to the court at that time, and so became a violent Whig: but he had been a scoundrel all along to be sure." Boswell: "Was he a scoundrel, Sir, in any other way than that of being a political scoundrel? Did he cheat at draughts?" Johnson: "Sir, we never played for *money*."

19. We dined at an excellent inn at Chapel House, where he expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of

things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests—the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir, there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." He then repeated, with great emotion, Shenstone's lines:

> "Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
> Where'er his stages may have been,
> May sigh to think he still has found
> The warmest welcome at an inn."

20. When he again talked of Mrs. Careless to-night, he seemed to have had his affection revived; for he said, "If I had married her, it might have been as happy for me." BOSWELL: "Pray, Sir, do you not suppose that there are fifty women in the world, with any one of whom a man may be as happy as with any one woman in particular." JOHNSON: "Ay, Sir, fifty thousand." BOSWELL: "Then, Sir, you are not of opinion with some who imagine that certain men and certain women are made for each other; and that they cannot be happy if they miss their counterparts." JOHNSON: "To be sure not, Sir. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

21. Dr. Johnson talked with approbation of one who had attained to the state of the philosophical wise man, that is, to

have no want of anything. "Then, Sir," said I, "the savage is a wise man." "Sir," said he, "I do not mean simply being without, but not having a want." I maintained, against this proposition, that it was better to have fine clothes, for instance, than not to feel the want of them. JOHNSON: "No, Sir; fine clothes are good only as they supply the want of other means of procuring respect. Was Charles the Twelfth, think you, less respected for his coarse blue coat and black stock? And you find the King of Prussia dresses plain, because the dignity of his character is sufficient." I here brought myself into a scrape, for I heedlessly said, "Would not *you*, Sir, be the better for velvet embroidery?" JOHNSON: "Sir, you put an end to all argument, when you introduce your opponent himself. Have you no better manners? There is *your want.*" I apologized by saying, I had mentioned him as an instance of one who wanted as little as any man in the world, and yet, perhaps, might receive some additional lustre from dress.

22. Notwithstanding the high veneration which I entertained for Dr. Johnson, I was sensible that he was sometimes a little actuated by the spirit of contradiction, and by means of that I hoped I should gain my point. I was persuaded, that if I had come upon him with a direct proposal, "Sir, will you dine in company with Jack Wilkes?" he would have flown into a passion, and would probably have answered, "Dine with Jack Wilkes, Sir, I'd as soon dine with Jack Ketch." I therefore, while we were sitting quietly by ourselves at his house in an evening, took occasion to open my plan thus:— "Mr. Dilly, Sir, sends his respectful compliments to you, and would be happy if you would do him the honour to dine with him on Wednesday next along with me, as I must soon go to Scotland." JOHNSON: "Sir, I am obliged to Mr. Dilly. I will wait upon him." BOSWELL: "Provided, Sir, I suppose, that the company which he is to have is agreeable to you." JOHNSON: "What do you mean, Sir? What do you take me for? Do you think that I am so ignorant of the world, as to

imagine that I am to prescribe to a gentleman what company he is to have at his table?" BOSWELL: "I beg your pardon, Sir, for wishing to prevent you from meeting people whom you might not like. Perhaps he may have some of what he calls his patriotic friends with him." JOHNSON: "Well, Sir, and what then? What care *I* for *his patriotic friends?* Poh!" BOSWELL: "I should not be surprised to find Jack Wilkes there." JOHNSON: "And if Jack Wilkes *should* be there, what is that to *me*, Sir? My dear friend, let us have no more of this. I am sorry to be angry with you: but really it is treating me strangely to talk to me as if I could not meet any company whatever, occasionally." BOSWELL: "Pray forgive me, Sir: I meant well. But you shall meet whoever comes, for me." Thus I secured him, and told Dilly that he would find him very well pleased to be one of his guests on the day appointed.

23. "TO THE REVEREND DR. DODD.

"DEAR SIR, *June* 26, 1777.

"That which is appointed to all men is now coming upon you. Outward circumstances, the eyes and the thoughts of men, are below the notice of an immortal being about to stand the trial for eternity, before the Supreme Judge of heaven and earth. Be comforted: your crime, morally or religiously considered, has no very deep dye of turpitude. It corrupted no man's principles; it attacked no man's life. It involved only a temporary and reparable injury. Of this, and of all other sins, you are earnestly to repent; and may GOD, who knoweth our frailty, and desireth not our death, accept your repentance, for the sake of his Son JESUS CHRIST our Lord.

"In requital of those well intended offices which you are pleased so emphatically to acknowledge, let me beg that you make in your devotions one petition for my eternal welfare.

"I am, dear Sir,

"Your most affectionate servant,

"SAM. JOHNSON."

24. During this interview at Ashbourne, Johnson seemed to be more uniformly social, cheerful, and alert, than I had almost ever seen him. He was prompt on great occasions and on small. Taylor, who praised everything of his own to excess; in short, "whose geese were all swans," as the proverb says, expatiated on the excellence of his bull-dog, which he told us was "perfectly well-shaped." Johnson, after examining the animal attentively, thus repressed the vain glory of our host:—"No, Sir, he is *not* well-shaped; for there is not the quick transition from the thickness of the forepart to the *tenuity*—the thin part—behind, which a bull-dog ought to have." This *tenuity* was the only *hard word* that I heard him use during this interview, and, it will be observed, he instantly put another expression in its place. Taylor said, a small bull-dog was as good as a large one. JOHNSON: "No, Sir; for in proportion to his size he has strength; and your argument would prove that a good bull-dog may be as small as a mouse." It was amazing how he entered with perspicuity and keenness upon everything that occurred in conversation. Most men whom I know, would no more think of discussing a question about a bull-dog, than of attacking a bull.

25. On Thursday, April 9, I dined with him at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, with the Bishop of St. Asaph (Dr. Shipley), Mr. Allan Ramsay, Mr. Gibbon, Mr. Cambridge, and Mr. Langton. Mr. Ramsay had lately returned from Italy, and entertained us with his observations upon Horace's villa, which he had examined with great care. I relished this much, as it brought fresh into my mind what I had viewed with great pleasure thirteen years before. The Bishop, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Cambridge joined with Mr. Ramsay in recollecting the various lines in Horace relating to the subject.

Horace's journey to Brundusium being mentioned, Sat. l. i. 5, Johnson observed, that the brook which he describes is to be seen now, exactly as at that time: and that he had often wondered how it happened, that small brooks such as this,

kept the same situation for ages, notwithstanding earthquakes, by which even mountains have been changed, and agriculture, which produces such a variation upon the surface of the earth. CAMBRIDGE: "A Spanish writer has this thought in a poetical conceit. After observing that most of the solid structures of Rome are totally perished, while the Tiber remains the same, he adds,

"'Lo que erà Firme huió solamente
Lo Fugitivo permanece y dura.'"

JOHNSON: "Sir, that is taken from Janus Vitalis:—

"'———— immota labescunt;
Et quæ perpetuò sunt agitata manent.'"

The Bishop said, it appeared from Horace's writings that he was a cheerful contented man. JOHNSON: "We have no reason to believe that, my Lord. Are we to think Pope was happy because he says so in his writings? We see in his writings what he wished the state of his mind to appear. Dr. Young, who pined for preferment, talks with contempt of it in his writings, and affects to despise everything that he did not despise. BISHOP OF ST ASAPH: "He was like other chaplains, looking for vacancies: but that is not peculiar to the clergy. I remember when I was with the army, after the battle of Lafeldt, the officers seriously grumbled that no general was killed." CAMBRIDGE: "We may believe Horace more, when he says,—

"'Romæ Tibur amem ventosus, Tibure Romam,'

than when he boasts of his consistency:—

"'Me constare mihi scis, et discedere tristem,
Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.'"

BOSWELL: "How hard is it that man can never be at rest." RAMSAY: "It is not in his nature to be at rest. When he is at rest, he is in the worst state that he can be in; for he has nothing to agitate him. He is then like the man in the Irish song—

"'There lived a young man in Ballinacrazy,
Who wanted a wife for to make him unaisy.'"

Goldsmith being mentioned, Johnson observed that it was long before his merit came to be acknowledged: that he once complained to him, in ludicrous terms of distress, "Whenever I write anything, the public *make a point* to know nothing about it:" but that his "Traveller" brought him into high reputation. LANGTON: "There is not one bad line in that poem—no one of Dryden's careless verses." SIR JOSHUA: "I was glad to hear Charles Fox say, it was one of the finest poems in the English Language." LANGTON: "Why were you glad? You surely had no doubt of this before." JOHNSON: "No; the merit of 'The Traveller' is so well established, that Mr. Fox's praise cannot augment it, nor his censure diminish it." SIR JOSHUA: "But his friends may suspect they had too great a partiality for him." JOHNSON: "Nay, Sir, the partiality of his friends was always against him. It was with difficulty we could give him a hearing. Goldsmith had no settled notions upon any subject; so he talked always at random. It seemed to be his intention to blurt out whatever was in his mind, and see what would become of it. He was angry too, when catched in an absurdity; but it did not prevent him from falling into another the next minute. I remember Chamier, after talking with him some time, said, 'Well, I do believe he wrote this poem himself: and, let me tell you, that is believing a great deal.' Chamier once asked him, what he meant by *slow*, the last word in the first line of 'The Traveller,'

"'Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.'

Did he mean tardiness of locomotion? Goldsmith, who would say something without consideration, answered, 'Yes.' I was sitting by, and said, 'No, Sir; you do not mean tardiness of locomotion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude.' Chamier believed then that I had written the line, as much as if he had seen me write it. Goldsmith, however, was a man, who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place

in Westminster Abbey; and every year he lived, would have deserved it better. He had indeed been at no pains to fill his mind with knowledge. He transplanted it from one place to another; and it did not settle in his mind; so he could not tell what was in his own books."

We talked of living in the country. JOHNSON: "No wise man will go to live in the country, unless he has something to do which can be better done in the country. For instance: if he is to shut himself up for a year to study a science, it is better to look out to the fields, than to an opposite wall. Then if a man walks out in the country, there is nobody to keep him from walking in again; but if a man walks out in London, he is not sure when he shall walk in again. A great city is, to be sure, the school for studying life; and 'the proper study of mankind is man,' as Pope observes." BOSWELL: "I fancy London is the best place for society: though I have heard that the very first society of Paris is still beyond anything that we have here." JOHNSON: "Sir, I question if in Paris such a company as is sitting round this table could be got together in less than half-a-year. They talk in France of the felicity of men and women living together; the truth is, that there the men are not higher than the women, they know no more than the women do, and they are not held down in their conversation by the presence of women." RAMSAY: "Literature is upon the growth; it is in its spring in France; here it is rather *passée*." JOHNSON: "Literature was in France long before we had it. Paris was the second city for the revival of letters: Italy had it first, to be sure. What have we done for literature, equal to what was done by the Stephani and others in France? Our literature came to us through France. Caxton printed only two books, Chaucer and Gower, that were not translations from the French; and Chaucer, we know, took much from the Italians. No, Sir, if literature be in its spring in France, it is a second spring; it is after a winter. We are now before the French in literature; but we had it long after

them in England ; any man who wears a sword and a powdered wig is ashamed to be illiterate. I believe it is not so in France. Yet there is, probably, a great deal of learning in France, because they have such a number of religious establishments ; so many men who have nothing else to do but to study. I do not know this ; but I take it upon the common principles of chance. Where there are many shooters, some will hit."

We talked of old age. Johnson (now in his seventieth year), said, "It is a man's own fault, it is from want of use, if his mind grows torpid in old age." The bishop asked, if an old man does not lose faster than he gets. JOHNSON : "I think not, my Lord, if he exerts himself." One of the company rashly observed, that he thought it was happy for an old man that insensibility comes upon him. JOHNSON (with a noble elevation and disdain) : "No, Sir, I should never be happy by being less rational." BISHOP OF ST. ASAPH : "Your wish then, Sir, is γηράσκειν διδασκόμενος." JOHNSON : "Yes, my Lord." His Lordship mentioned a charitable establishment in Wales, where people were maintained, and supplied with everything, upon the condition of their contributing the weekly produce of their labour ; and he said they grew quite torpid for the want of property. JOHNSON : "They have no object for hope. Their condition cannot be better. It is rowing without a port."

One of the company asked him the meaning of the expression in Juvenal, *unius lacertæ*. JOHNSON : "I think it clear enough ; as much ground as one may have a chance to find a lizard upon."

Commentators have differed as to the exact meaning of the expression by which the poet intended to enforce the sentiment contained in the passage where these words occur. It is enough that they mean to denote even a very small possession, provided it be a man's own :—

> "Est aliquid, quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
> Unius sese dominum fecisse *lacertæ*."

This season there was a whimsical fashion in the newspapers of applying Shakespeare's words to describe living persons well known in the world; which was done under the title of "Modern Characters from Shakspeare;" many of which were admirably adapted. The fancy took so much, that they were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. Somebody said to Johnson, across the table, that he had not been in those characters. "Yes," said he, "I have. I should have been sorry to be left out." He then repeated what had been applied to him,

"You must borrow me GARAGANTUA's mouth."

Miss Reynolds not perceiving at once the meaning of this, he was obliged to explain it to her, which had something of an awkward and ludicrous effect. "Why, Madam, it has a reference to me, as using big words, which require the mouth of a giant to pronounce them. Garagantua is the name of a giant in Rabelais." BOSWELL: "But, Sir, there is another amongst them for you:—

"'He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for his power to thunder.'"

JOHNSON: "There is nothing marked in that. No, Sir, Garagantua is the best." Notwithstanding this ease and good humour, when I, a little while afterwards, repeated his sarcasm on Kenrick, which was received with applause, he asked, "*Who* said that?" and on my suddenly answering *Garagantua*, he looked serious, which was a sufficient indication that he did not wish it to be kept up.

26. A literary lady has favoured me with a characteristic anecdote of Richardson. One day at his country house at Northend, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance—that he had seen his "Clarissa" lying on the king's brother's table. Richardson observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then

not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentlemen, "I think, Sir, you were saying something about—," pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman, provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference answered, "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day. Dr. Johnson was present, and appeared to enjoy it much.

27. Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan, as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?"—"Why, Sir," said Johnson after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan, had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*,—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

And this brings to my recollection another instance of the same nature. I once reminded him that when Dr. Adam Smith was expatiating on the beauties of Glasgow, he had cut him short by saying, "Pray, Sir, have you ever seen Brentford?" and I took the liberty to add, "My dear Sir, surely that was *shocking*."—"Why, then, Sir," he replied, "YOU have never seen Brentford."

28. Mr. Kemble has favoured me with the following minute of what passed at this visit:—

"When Mrs. Siddons came into the room, there happened

to be no chair ready for her, which he observing, said with a smile, 'Madam, you who so often occasion a want of seats to other people, will the more easily excuse the want of one yourself.'

"Having placed himself by her, he with great good humour entered upon a consideration of the English drama; and, among other enquiries, particularly asked her which of Shakspeare's characters she was most pleased with. Upon her answering that she thought the character of Queen Catherine in 'Henry the Eighth' the most natural:—'I think so, too, Madam,' said he: 'and whenever you perform it, I will once more hobble out to the theatre myself.' Mrs. Siddons promised she would do herself the honour of acting his favourite part for him; but many circumstances happened to prevent the representation of 'King Henry the Eighth' during the Doctor's life."

29. Johnson was present when a tragedy was read, in which there occurred this line:—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

The company having admired it much—"I cannot agree with you," said Johnson; "it might as well be said,

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

30. When I pointed out to him in the newspaper one of Mr. Grattan's animated and glowing speeches, in favour of the freedom of Ireland, in which this expression occurred (I know not if accurately taken):—"We will persevere till there is not one link of the English chain left to clank upon the rags of the meanest beggar in Ireland;"—"Nay, Sir," said Johnson, "don't you perceive that *one* link cannot clank?"

31. I have no minute of any interview with Johnson till Thursday, May 15, when I find what follows: BOSWELL: "I wish much to be in Parliament, Sir." JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, unless you come resolved to support any administration,

you would be the worse for being in Parliament, because you would be obliged to live more expensively." BOSWELL: "Perhaps, Sir, I should be the less happy for being in Parliament. I never would sell my vote, and I should be vexed if things went wrong." JOHNSON: "That's cant, Sir. It would not vex you more in the House than in the gallery: public affairs vex no man." BOSWELL: "Have not they vexed yourself a little, Sir? Have not you been vexed by all the turbulence of this reign, and by that absurd vote of the House of Commons, 'That the influence of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished?'" JOHNSON: "Sir, I have never slept an hour less, nor eat an ounce less meat. I would have knocked the factious dogs on the head, to be sure; but I was not *vexed*." BOSWELL: "I declare, Sir, upon my honour, I did imagine I was vexed, and took a pride in it; but it *was*, perhaps, cant; for I own I neither eat less, nor slept less." JOHNSON: "My dear friend, clear your *mind* of cant. You may *talk* as other people do; you may say to a man, 'Sir, I am your most humble servant.' You are *not* his most humble servant. You may say, 'These are bad times; it is a melancholy thing to be reserved to such times.' You don't mind the times. You tell a man, 'I am sorry you had such bad weather the last day of your journey, and were so much wet.' You don't care sixpence whether he is wet or dry. You may *talk* in this manner; it is a mode of talking in society: but don't *think* foolishly."

32. We passed through Glensheal, with prodigious mountains on each side. We saw where the battle was fought in the year 1719. Dr. Johnson owned he was now in a scene of as wild nature as he could see; but he corrected me sometimes in my inaccurate observations. "There," said I, "is a mountain like a cone." JOHNSON: "No, Sir. It would be called so in a book; and when a man comes to look at it, he sees it is not so. It is indeed pointed at the top; but one side of it is larger than the other." Another mountain I

called immense. JOHNSON: "No; it is no more than a considerable protuberance."

33. At breakfast I asked, "What is the reason that we are angry at a trader's having opulence?" JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, the reason is (though I don't undertake to prove that there is a reason), we see no qualities in trade that should entitle a man to superiority. We are not angry at a soldier's getting riches, because we see that he possesses qualities which we have not. If a man returns from a battle, having lost one hand, and with the other full of gold, we feel that he deserves the gold; but we cannot think that a fellow, by sitting all day at a desk, is entitled to get above us." BOSWELL: "But, Sir, may we not suppose a merchant to be a man of an enlarged mind, such as Addison in the 'Spectator' describes Sir Andrew Freeport to have been?" JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, we may suppose any fictitious character. We may suppose a philosophical day-labourer, who is happy in reflecting that, by his labour, he contributes to the fertility of the earth, and to the support of his fellow-creatures; but we find no such philosophical day-labourer. A merchant may, perhaps, be a man of an enlarged mind; but there is nothing in trade connected with an enlarged mind."

IV.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

TO "THE IDLER."

SIR,

In the time of public danger, it is every man's duty to withdraw his thoughts in some measure from his private interest, and employ part of his time for the general welfare. National conduct ought to be the result of national wisdom, a plan formed by mature consideration

and diligent selection out of all the schemes which may be offered, and all the information which can be procured.

In a battle every man should fight as if he was the single champion; in preparations for war, every man should think as if the last event depended on his counsel. None can tell what discoveries are within his reach, or how much he may contribute to the public safety.

Full of these considerations, I have carefully reviewed the process of the war, and find, what every other man has found, that we have hitherto added nothing to our military reputation: that at one time we have been beaten by enemies whom we did not see; and, at another, have avoided the sight of enemies lest we should be beaten.

Whether our troops are defective in discipline or in courage, it is not very useful to inquire; they evidently want something necessary to success; and he that shall supply that want will deserve well of his country.

To learn of an enemy has always been accounted politic and honourable; and therefore I hope it will raise no prejudices against my project, to confess that I borrowed it from a Frenchman.

When the Isle of Rhodes was, many centuries ago, in the hands of that military order now called the Knights of Malta, it was ravaged by a dragon, who inhabited a den under a rock, from which he issued forth when he was hungry or wanton, and without fear or mercy devoured men and beasts as they came in his way. Many councils were held, and many devices offered for his destruction; but as his back was armed with impenetrable scales none would venture to attack him. At last Dudon, a French knight, undertook the deliverance of the island. From some place of security he took a view of the dragon, or, as a modern soldier would say, *reconnoitred* him, and observed that his belly was naked and vulnerable. He then returned home to take his *arrangements*,

and, by a very exact imitation of nature, made a dragon of pasteboard, in the belly of which he put beef and mutton, and accustomed two sturdy mastiffs to feed themselves by tearing their way to the concealed flesh. When his dogs were well practised in this method of plunder, he marched out with them at his heels, and showed them the dragon; they rushed upon him in quest of their dinner. Dudon battered his skull, while they lacerated his belly, and neither his sting nor claws were able to defend him.

Something like this might be practised in our present state. Let a fortification be raised on Salisbury Plain, resembling Brest or Toulon, or Paris itself, with all the usual preparation for defence: let the inclosure be filled with beef and ale: let the soldiers, from some proper eminence, see shirts waving upon lines, and here and there a plump landlady hurrying about with pots in their hands. When they are sufficiently animated to advance, lead them in exact order, with fife and drum, to that side whence the wind blows, till they come within the scent of roast meat and tobacco. Contrive that they may approach the place fasting about an hour after dinner-time, assure them there is no danger, and command an attack.

If nobody within either moves or speaks, it is not unlikely that they may carry the place by storm; but if a panic should seize them it will be proper to defer the enterprize to a more hungry hour. When they have entered let them fill their bellies and return to the camp.

On the next day let the same place be shown them again, but with some additions of strength and terror. I cannot pretend to inform our generals through what gradations of danger they should train their men to fortitude. They best know what the soldiers and what themselves can bear. It will be proper that the war should every day vary its appearance. Sometimes, as they

mount the rampart, a cook may throw fat upon the fire to accustom them to a sudden blaze; and sometimes, by the clatter of empty pots, they may be inured to formidable noises. But let it never be forgotten that victory must repose with a full belly.

In time it will be proper to bring our French prisoners from the coast, and place them upon the walls in martial order. At their first appearance their hands must be tied, but they may be allowed to grin. In a month they may guard the place with their hands loosed, provided that on pain of death they be forbidden to strike.

By this method our army will soon be brought to look an enemy in the face. But it has been lately observed that fear is received by the ear as well as the eyes; and the Indian war-cry is represented as too dreadful to be endured; as a sound that will force the bravest veteran to drop his weapon, and desert his rank; that will deafen his ear, and chill his breast; that will neither suffer him to hear orders nor to feel shame, or retain any sensibility but the dread of death.

That the savage clamours of naked barbarians should thus terrify troops disciplined to war, and ranged in array with arms in their hands, is surely strange. But this is no time to reason. I am of opinion, that by a proper mixture of asses, bulls, turkeys, geese, and tragedians, a noise might be procured equally horrid with the war-cry. When our men have been encouraged by frequent victories, nothing will remain but to qualify them for extreme danger by a sudden concert of terrific vociferation. When they have endured this last trial let them be led to action, as men who are no longer frightened; as men who can bear at once the grimaces of the Gauls, and the howl of the Americans.

V.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire,
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew!
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies
It gives their follies also room to rise:

For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,

Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves;
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;—
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand:
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;

Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd even by freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie.
The self-dependent lordling stands alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

VI.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song;
And if you find it wondrous short,—
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,—
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,—
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wondering neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied;
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

VII.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

CHAPTER XI.: THE FAMILY STILL RESOLVE TO HOLD UP THEIR HEADS.

MICHAELMAS-EVE happening on the next day, we were invited to burn nuts and play tricks at neighbour Flamborough's. Our late mortifications had humbled us a little, or it is probable we might have rejected such an invitation with contempt: however, we suffered ourselves to be happy. Our honest neighbour's goose and dumplings were fine, and the Lamb's Wool, even in the opinion of my wife, who was a connoisseur, was excellent. It is true, his manner of telling stories was not quite so well. They were very long, and very dull, and all about himself, and we had laughed at them ten times before: however, we were kind enough to laugh at them once more.

Mr. Burchell, who was of the party, was always fond of seeing some innocent amusement going forward, and set the boys and girls to Blind-Man's-Buff. My wife too was persuaded to join in the diversion, and it gave me pleasure to think she was not yet too old. In the mean time, my neighbour and I looked on, laughed at every feat, and praised our own dexterity when we were young. Hot Cockles succeeded next, Questions and Commands followed that, and last of all, they sat down to Hunt the Slipper. As every person may not be acquainted with this primæval pastime, it may be necessary to observe, that the company at this play plant themselves in a ring upon the ground, all except one who stands in the middle, whose business it is to catch a shoe, which the company shove about under their hams from one to another, something like a weaver's shuttle. As it is impossible, in this case, for the lady who is up to face all the company at

once, the great beauty of the play lies in hitting her a thump with the heel of the shoe on that side least capable of making a defence. It was in this manner that my eldest daughter was hemmed in, and thumped about, all blowzed, in spirits, and bawling for fair play, fair play, with a voice that might deafen a ballad-singer, when confusion on confusion, who should enter the room but our two great acquaintances from town, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs! Description would but beggar, therefore it is unnecessary to describe this new mortification. Death! To be seen by ladies of such high breeding in such vulgar attitudes! Nothing better could ensue from such a vulgar play of Mr. Flamborough's proposing. We seemed stuck to the ground for some time, as if actually petrified with amazement.

The two ladies had been at our house to see us, and finding us from home, came after us hither, as they were uneasy to know what accident could have kept us from church the day before. Olivia undertook to be our prolocutor, and delivered the whole in a summary way, only saying, "We were thrown from our horses." At which account the ladies were greatly concerned; but being told the family received no hurt, they were extremely glad: but being informed that we were almost killed by the fright, they were vastly sorry; but hearing that we had a very good night, they were extremely glad again. Nothing could exceed their complaisance to my daughters; their professions the last evening were warm, but now they were ardent. They protested a desire of having a more lasting acquaintance. Lady Blarney was particularly attached to Olivia; Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love to give the whole name) took a greater fancy to her sister. They supported the conversation between themselves, while my daughters sate silent, admiring their exalted breeding. But as every reader,

however beggarly himself, is fond of high-lived dialogues, with anecdotes of Lords, Ladies, and Knights of the Garter, I must beg leave to give him the concluding part of the present conversation.

"All that I know of the matter," cried Miss Skeggs, "is this, that it may be true, or it may not be true: but this I can assure your Ladyship, that the whole rout was in amaze; his Lordship turned all manner of colours, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that, the next morning my Lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters."

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell; who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out, Fudge! an expression which displeased us all, and in some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." Fudge!

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves any thing out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?" Fudge!

"My dear creature," replied our Peeress, "do you think I carry such things about me? Though they are very fine, to be sure, and I think myself something of a judge; at least I know what pleases myself. Indeed, I was ever an admirer of all Doctor Burdock's little pieces;

for except what he does, and our dear Countess at Hanover-square, there's nothing comes out but the most lowest stuff in nature; not a bit of high life among them." Fudge!

"Your Ladyship should except," says t'other, "your own things in the Lady's Magazine. I hope you'll say there's nothing low-lived there? But I suppose we are to have no more from that quarter?" Fudge!

"Why, my dear," says the Lady, "you know my reader and companion has left me, to be married to Captain Roach; and as my poor eyes won't suffer me to write myself, I have been for some time looking out for another. A proper person is no easy matter to find, and to be sure thirty pounds a-year is a small stipend for a well-bred girl of character, that can read, write, and behave in company; as for the chits about town, there is no bearing them about one." Fudge!

"That I know," cried Miss Skeggs, "by experience. For of the three companions I had this last half year, one of them refused to do plain-work an hour in the day; another thought twenty-five guineas a-year too small a salary; and I was obliged to send away the third, because I suspected an intrigue with the chaplain. Virtue, my dear Lady Blarney, virtue is worth any price; but where is that to be found?" Fudge!

My wife had been for a long time all attention to this discourse; but was particularly struck with the latter part of it. Thirty pounds and twenty-five guineas a-year made fifty-six pounds five shillings English money, all which was in a manner going a-begging, and might easily be secured in the family. She for a moment studied my looks for approbation; and, to own a truth, I was of opinion, that two such places would fit our two daughters exactly. Besides, if the 'Squire had any real affection for my eldest daughter this would be the way to make her

every way qualified for her fortune. My wife, therefore, was resolved that we should not be deprived of such advantages for want of assurance, and undertook to harangue for the family. "I hope," cried she, "your Ladyship will pardon my present presumption. It is true, we have no right to pretend to such favours; but yet it is natural for me to wish putting my children forward in the world. And I will be bold to say, my two girls have had a pretty good education, and capacity, at least the country can't show better. They can read, write, and cast accompts; they understand their needle, broad-stitch, cross and change, and all manner of plain-work; they can pink, point, and frill; and know something of music; they can do up small clothes, work upon catgut; my eldest can cut paper, and my youngest has a very pretty manner of telling fortunes upon the cards." Fudge!

When she had delivered this pretty piece of eloquence, the two ladies looked at each other a few minutes in silence, with an air of doubt and importance. At last, Miss Carolina Wilelmina Amelia Skeggs condescended to observe, that the young ladies, from the opinion she could form of them from so slight an acquaintance, seemed very fit for such employments: "But a thing of this kind, Madam," cried she, addressing my spouse, "requires a thorough examination into characters, and a more perfect knowledge of each other. Not, Madam," continued she, "that I in the least suspect the young ladies' virtue, prudence, and discretion; but there is a form in these things, Madam, there is a form."

My wife approved her suspicions very much, observing, that she was very apt to be suspicious herself; but referred her to all the neighbours for a character: but this our Peeress declined as unnecessary, alleging that her cousin Thornhill's recommendation would be sufficient, and upon this we rested our petition.

VIII.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE GOOD-NATURED MAN.

ACT III. SCENE—*Young* HONEYWOOD'S *House.*

BAILIFF, HONEYWOOD, FOLLOWER.

Bail. Lookye, Sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time: no disparagement of you neither: men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honey. Without all question, Mr. — I forget your name, Sir?

Bail. How can you forget what you never knew? he! he! he!

Honey. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bail. Yes, you may.

Honey. Then, pray, Sir, what is your name?

Bail. That I didn't promise to tell you. He! he! he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honey. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

Bail. The law does nothing without reason. I'm asham'd to tell my name to no man, Sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honey. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bail. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken

an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honey. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as I believe, you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse*). The thing is only this. I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me, till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bail. Oh! that's another maxim, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honey. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. [*Gives him money.*

Bail. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honey. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

Bail. Ay, Sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a — but no matter for that.

Honey. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted humanity ourselves.

Bail. Humanity, Sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say, that we in our way have no humanity; but I'll show you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with

a wife and four children, a guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't show him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

Honey. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. [*Giving money to the follower.*

Bail. Sir, you're a gentleman. I sée you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honey. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honey. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve my good friend little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

Serv. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honey. The white and gold then.

Serv. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

Honey. Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold then. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit* FLANIGAN.

Bail. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in any thing. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like a hound; sticks like a weazle. He

was master of ceremonies to the black queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. (*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.) Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honey. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bail. Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter Miss RICHLAND *and her* MAID.

Miss Rich. You'll be surprised, Sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honey. Thanks, Madam, are unnecessary; as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Rich. Who can these odd-looking men be! I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

Bail. (*After a pause*). Pretty weather; very pretty weather for the time of the year, Madam.

Fol. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honey. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, Madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should in some measure recompense the toils of the brave!

Miss Rich. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, Sir?

Honey. Why, Madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, Madam. A dangerous service!

Miss Rich. I'm told so. And I own it has often sur-

prised me, that while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honey. I grant, Madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Rich. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honey. We should not be so severe against dull writers, Madam. It is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Fol. D—— the French, the parle vous, and all that belongs to them.

Miss Rich. Sir!

Honey. Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, Madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Rich. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bail. Taste us! By the Lord, Madam, they devour us. Give monseers but a taste, and I'll be d——d but they come in for a bellyfull.

Miss Rich. Very extraordinary this!

Fol. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton five-pence a pound? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?—

Honey. Ah! the vulgar rogues; all will be out (*aside*). Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, Madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by the French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

Miss Rich. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bail. That's all my eye. The king only can pardon, as the law says: for set in case—

Honey. I'm quite of your opinion, Sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bail. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for, set in case—

Honey. I'm obliged to you, Sir, for the hint. If, Madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Fol. Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know—

Honey. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bail. As for the matter of that, mayhap—

Honey. Nay, Sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it, but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bail. Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there: for, in a course of law—

Honey. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at, perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, Madam, of his course of law.

Miss Rich. I protest, Sir, I do not. I perceive only

that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bail. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing—

Honey. O! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Leontine, Sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honey. That's lucky (*aside*). Dear Madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, Madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, Sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness.

Bail. Before and behind, you know.

Fol. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt* HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, *and* FOLLOWER.

IX.

JUNIUS.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

8 *July*, 1769.

MY LORD,—If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that ever was employed under a limited monarch to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame, the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much

reason to lament their condition if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. By one decisive step you have defeated all the arts of writing. You have fairly confounded the intrigues of opposition, and silenced the clamours of faction. A dark, ambiguous system might require and furnish the materials of ingenious illustration; and, in doubtful measures, the virulent exaggeration of party must be employed to rouse and engage the passions of the people. You have now brought the merits of your administration to an issue on which every Englishman of the narrowest capacity may determine for himself. It is not an alarm to the passions, but a calm appeal to the judgment of the people upon their own most essential interests. A more experienced minister would not have hazarded a direct invasion of the first principles of the constitution before he had made some progress in subduing the spirit of the people. With such a cause as yours, my Lord, it is not sufficient that you have the court at your devotion unless you can find means to corrupt or intimidate the jury. The collective body of the people form that jury, and from *their* decision there is but one appeal.

Whether you have talents to support you at a crisis of such difficulty and danger should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have,

perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received for synonymous terms that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from *their* spirit and *their* resentment.

Since the accession of our most gracious sovereign to the throne we have seen a system of government which may well be called a reign of experiments. Parties of all denominations have been employed and dismissed. The advice of the ablest men in this country has been repeatedly called for and rejected; and when the royal displeasure has been signified to a minister, the marks of it have usually been proportioned to his abilities and integrity. The spirit of the *Favourite* has some apparent influence upon every administration; and every set of ministers preserved an appearance of duration, as long as they submitted to that influence. But there were certain services to be performed for the favourite's security, or to gratify his resentments, which your predecessors in office had the wisdom or the virtue not to undertake. The moment this refractory spirit was discovered their disgrace was determined. Lord Chatham, Mr. Grenville, and Lord Rockingham have successively had the honour to be dismissed for preferring their duty as servants of the public to those compliances which were expected from their station. A submissive administration was at last gradually collected from the deserters of all parties, interests, and

connections; and nothing remained but to find a leader for these gallant, well-disciplined troops. Stand forth, my Lord, for thou art the man. Lord Bute found no resource of dependence or security in the proud, imposing superiority of Lord Chatham's abilities, the shrewd, inflexible judgment of Mr. Grenville, nor in the mild but determined integrity of Lord Rockingham. His views and situation required a creature void of all these properties; and he was forced to go through every division, resolution, composition, and refinement of political chemistry before he happily arrived at the *caput mortuum* of vitriol in your Grace. Flat and insipid in your retired state, but, brought into action, you become vitriol again. Such are the extremes of alternate indolence and fury which have governed your whole administration. Your circumstances with regard to the people soon becoming desperate, like other honest servants you determined to involve the best of masters in the same difficulties with yourself. We owe it to your Grace's well-directed labours that your sovereign has been persuaded to doubt of the affections of his subjects, and the people to suspect the virtues of their sovereign at a time when both were unquestionable. You have degraded the royal dignity into a base, dishonourable competition with Mr. Wilkes, nor had you abilities to carry even this last contemptible triumph over a private man, without the grossest violation of the fundamental laws of the constitution and rights of the people. But these are rights, my Lord, which you can no more annihilate than you can the soil to which they are annexed. The question no longer turns upon points of national honour and security abroad, or on the degrees of expedience and propriety of measures at home. It was not inconsistent that you should abandon the cause of liberty in another country, which you had persecuted in your own; and in the common arts of domestic

corruption we miss no part of Sir Robert Walpole's system except his abilities. In this humble imitative line you might long have proceeded safe and contemptible. You might, probably, never have risen to the dignity of being hated, and even have been despised with moderation. But it seems you meant to be distinguished, and, to a mind like yours, there was no other road to fame but by the destruction of a noble fabric, which you thought had been too long the admiration of mankind. The use you have made of the military force introduced an alarming change in the mode of executing the laws. The arbitrary appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundation of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected. With a succession of such appointments we may soon see a House of Commons collected, in the choice of which the other towns and counties of England will have as little share as the devoted county of Middlesex.

Yes, I trust your Grace will find that the people of this country are neither to be intimidated by violent measures, nor deceived by refinements. When they see Mr. Luttrell seated in the House of Commons by mere dint of power, and in direct opposition to the choice of a whole county, they will not listen to those subtleties by which every arbitrary exertion of authority is explained into the law and privilege of parliament. It requires no persuasion of argument, but simply the evidence of the senses, to convince them that to transfer the right of election from the collective to the representative body of the people contradicts all those ideas of a House of Commons which they have received from their forefathers, and which they have already, though vainly perhaps, delivered to their children. The principles on which this violent measure has been defended have added scorn to

injury, and forced us to feel that we are not only oppressed but insulted.

With what force, my Lord, with what protection, are you prepared to meet the united detestation of the people of England? The city of London has given a generous example to the kingdom in what manner a king of this country ought to be addressed; and I fancy, my Lord, it is not yet in your courage to stand between your sovereign and the addresses of his subjects. The injuries you have done this country are such as demand not only redress but vengeance. In vain shall you look for protection to that venal vote which you have already paid for— another must be purchased; and to save a minister the House of Commons must declare themselves not only independent of their constituents, but the determined enemies of the constitution. Consider, my Lord, whether this be an extremity to which their fears will permit them to advance, or, if *their* protection should fail you, how far you are authorized to rely upon the sincerity of those smiles which a pious court lavishes without reluctance upon a libertine by profession. It is not, indeed, the least of the thousand contradictions which attend you that a man, marked to the world by the grossest violation of all ceremony and decorum, should be the first servant of a court in which prayers are morality and kneeling is religion. Trust not too far to appearances by which your predecessors have been deceived, though they have not been injured. Even the best of princes may at last discover that this is a contention in which everything may be lost, but nothing can be gained; and, as you became minister by accident, were adopted without choice, trusted without confidence, and continued without favour; be assured that, whenever an occasion presses, you will be discarded without even the forms of regret. You will then have reason to be thankful if you are permitted to

retire to that seat of learning which, in contemplation of the system of your life, the comparative purity of your manners with those of their High Steward, and a thousand other recommending circumstances, has chosen you to encourage the growing virtue of their youth, and to provide over their education. Whenever the spirit of distributing prebends and bishoprics shall have departed from you, you will find that learned seminary perfectly recovered from the delirium of an installation, and what in truth it ought to be, once more a peaceful scene of slumber and thoughtless meditation. The venerable tutors of the university will no longer distress your modesty by proposing you for a pattern to their pupils. The learned dulness of declamation will be silent; and even the venal muse, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues. Yet, for the benefit of the succeeding age, I could wish that your retreat might be deferred, until your morals shall happily be ripened to that maturity of corruption, at which the worst examples cease to be contagious.

X.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

MYNSTRELLES SONGE.

(FROM 'AELLA.')

I.

O! SYNGE untoe mie roundelaie,
O! droppe the brynie teare wythe mee,
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynynge ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde
Gon to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

II.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nighte,
Whyte hys rode as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

III.

Swete hys tyngue as the throstles note,
Quycke ynn daunce as thoughte canne bee,
Defte hys taboure, codgelle stote,
O! hee lyes bie the wyllowe tree;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree.

IV.

Harke! the ravenne flappes hys wynge,
In the briered delle belowe;
Harke! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge,
To the nyghte-mares as theie goe;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

V.

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys mie true loves shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie;
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys deathe-bedde,
under the wyllowe tree.

VI.

Heere, uponne mie true loves grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celness of a mayde.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

VII.

Wythe mie hondes I'lle dente the brieres
Rounde his hallie corse to gre,
Ouph ante fairie, lyghte youre fyres,
Heere mie boddie stylle schalle bee.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

VIII.

Comme, wythe acorne-coppe and thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe and all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.
Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

IX.

Waterre wytches, crownede wythe reytes,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die! I comme! mie true love waytes.
Thos the damselle spake and dyed.

XI.

EDMUND BURKE.

ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA.

I AM sensible, sir, that all which I have asserted in my detail is admitted in the gross, but that quite a different conclusion is drawn from it. America, gentlemen say, is a noble object. It is an object well worth fighting for. Certainly it is, if fighting a people is the best way of gaining them. Gentlemen in this respect will be led to their choice of means by their complexions and their habits. Those who understand the military art will of course have some predilection for it. Those who wield the thunder of the state may have more confidence in the efficacy of arms. But I confess, possibly for want of this knowledge, my opinion is much more in favour of prudent management than of force,—considering force not as an odious, but a feeble instrument, for preserving a people so numerous, so active, so growing, so spirited as this, in a profligate and subordinate connection with us.

First, sir, permit me to observe that the use of force alone is but temporary. It may subdue for a moment, but it does not remove the necessity of subduing again; and a nation is not governed, which is perpetually to be conquered.

My next objection is its uncertainty. Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation failing, force remains; but, force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms by an impoverished and defeated violence.

A further objection to force is, that you impair the

object by your very endeavours to preserve it. The thing you fought for is not the thing you recover; but depreciated, sunk, wasted, and consumed by the contest. Nothing less will content me, than whole America. I do not choose to consume its strength along with our own; because in all parts it is the British strength that I consume. I do not choose to be caught by a foreign enemy at the end of this exhausting conflict; still less in the midst of it. I may escape; but I can make no insurance against such an event. Let me add that I do not choose wholly to break the American spirit; because it is the spirit that has made the country.

Lastly, we have no sort of experience in favour of force as an instrument in the rule of our colonies. Their growth and their utility has been owing to methods altogether different. Our ancient indulgence has been said to be pursued to a fault. It may be so. But we know, if feeling is evidence, that our fault was more tolerable than our attempt to mend it; and our sin far more salutary than our penitence.

These, sir, are my reasons for not entertaining that high opinion of untried force, by which many gentlemen, for whose sentiments in other particulars I have great respect, seem to be so greatly captivated. But there is still behind a third consideration concerning this object, which serves to determine my opinion on the sort of policy which ought to be pursued in the management of America, even more than its population and commerce,—I mean its temper and character.

In this character of the Americans, a love of freedom is the predominating feature which marks and distinguishes the whole; and as an ardent is always a zealous affection, your colonies become suspicious, restive, and untractable, whenever they see the least attempt to wrest from them by force, or shuffle from them by chicane, what they

think the only advantage worth living for. This fierce spirit of liberty is stronger in the English colonies probably than in any other people of the earth; and this from a great variety of powerful causes, which, to understand the true temper of their minds, and the direction which this spirit takes, it will not be amiss to lay open somewhat more largely.

First, the people of the colonies are descendants of Englishmen. England, sir, is a nation which still, I hope, respects, and formerly adored, her freedom. The colonists emigrated from you when this part of your character was most predominant, and they took this bias and direction the moment they parted from your hands. They are therefore not only devoted to liberty, but to liberty according to English ideas, and on English principles. Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object; and every nation has formed itself to some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness. It happened, you know, sir, that the great contests for freedom in this country were from the earliest times chiefly upon the question of taxing. Most of the contests in the ancient commonwealths turned primarily on the right of election of magistrates, or on the balance among the several orders of the state. The question of money was not with them so immediate. But in England it was otherwise. On this point of taxes the ablest pens and most eloquent tongues have been exercised; the greatest spirits have acted and suffered. In order to give the fullest satisfaction concerning the importance of this point, it was not only necessary for those who in argument defended the excellence of the English constitution, to insist on this privilege of granting money as a dry point of fact, and to prove that the right had been acknowledged in ancient parchments, and blind

usages, to reside in a certain body called a House of Commons. They went much further: they attempted to prove, and they succeeded, that in theory it ought to be so, from the particular nature of a House of Commons, as an immediate representative of the people, whether the old records had delivered this oracle or not. They took infinite pains to inculcate as a fundamental principle, that in all monarchies the people must in effect themselves, mediately or immediately, possess the power of granting their own money, or no shadow of liberty could subsist. The colonies draw from you, as with their life-blood, those ideas and principles. Their love of liberty, as with you, fixed and attached on this specific point of taxing. Liberty might be safe, or might be endangered in twenty other particulars, without their being much pleased or alarmed. Here they felt its pulse; and as they found that beat they thought themselves sick or sound. I do not say whether they were right or wrong in applying your general arguments to their own case. It is not easy indeed to make a monopoly of theorems and corollaries. The fact is, that they did thus apply those general arguments; and your mode of governing them, whether through lenity or indolence, through wisdom or mistake, confirmed them in their imagination, that they, as well as you, had an interest in these common principles.

They were further confirmed in this pleasing error by the form of their provincial legislative assemblies. Their governments are popular in a high degree; some are merely popular; in all, the popular representative is the most weighty; and this share of the people in their ordinary government never fails to inspire them with lofty sentiments, and with a strong aversion from whatever tends to deprive them of their chief importance.

If anything were wanting to this necessary operation

of the form of government, religion would have given a complete effect. Religion, always a principle of energy, in this new people is no way worn out or impaired; and their mode of professing it is also one main cause of this free spirit. The people are Protestants; and of that kind which is most adverse to all implicit submission of mind and opinion. This is a persuasion not only favourable to liberty, but built upon it. I do not think, sir, that the reason of this averseness in the dissenting churches, from all that looks like absolute government, is so much to be sought in their religious tenets, as in their history. Every one knows that the Roman Catholic religion is at least coeval with most of the governments where it prevails; that it has generally gone hand in hand with them, and received great favour and every kind of support from authority. The Church of England, too, was formed from her cradle, under the nursing care of regular government. But the dissenting interests have sprung up in direct opposition to all the ordinary powers of the world, and could justify that opposition only on a strong claim to natural liberty. Their very existence depended on the powerful and unremitted assertion of that claim. All Protestantism, even the most cold and passive, is a sort of dissent. But the religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. This religion, under a variety of denominations agreeing in nothing but in the communion of the spirit of liberty, is predominant in most of the northern provinces; where the Church of England, notwithstanding its legal rights, is in reality no more than a private sect, not composing most probably the tenth of the people. The colonists left England when this spirit was high, and in the emigrants was highest of all; and even that stream of foreigners which has been constantly

flowing into these colonies has for the greatest part been composed of dissenters from the establishments of their several countries, and have brought with them a temper and character far from alien to that of the people with whom they mixed.

Sir, I can perceive by their manner that some gentlemen object to the latitude of this description; because in the southern colonies the Church of England forms a large body, and has a regular establishment. It is certainly true. There is, however, a circumstance attending these colonies, which, in my opinion, fully counterbalances this difference, and makes the spirit of liberty still more high and haughty than in those to the northward. It is, that in Virginia and the Carolinas they have a vast multitude of slaves. Where this is the case in any part of the world, those who are free are by far the most proud and jealous of their freedom. Freedom is to them not only an enjoyment, but a kind of rank and privilege. Not seeing there, that freedom, as in countries where it is a common blessing, and as broad and general as the air, may be united with much abject toil, with great misery, with all the exterior of servitude, liberty looks, amongst them, like something that is more noble and liberal. I do not mean, sir, to commend the superior morality of this sentiment, which has at least as much pride as virtue in it; but I cannot alter the nature of man. The fact is so; and these people of the southern colonies are much more strongly, and with a higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty, than those to the northward. Such were all the ancient commonwealths; such were our Gothic ancestors; such in our days were the Poles; and such will be all masters of slaves, who are not slaves themselves. In such a people, the haughtiness of domination combines with the spirit of freedom, fortifies it, and renders it invincible.

Permit me, sir, to add another circumstance in our colonies, which contributes no mean part towards the growth and effect of this untractable spirit. I mean their education. In no country, perhaps, in the world is the law so general a study. The profession itself is numerous and powerful; and in most provinces it takes the lead. The greatest number of the deputies sent to the congress were lawyers. But all who read, and most do read, endeavour to obtain some smattering in that science. I have been told by an eminent bookseller that in no branch of his business, after tracts of popular devotion, were so many books as those on the law exported to the plantations. The colonists have now fallen into the way of printing them for their own use. I hear that they have sold nearly as many of Blackstone's Commentaries in America as in England. General Gage marks out this disposition very particularly in a letter on your table. He states that all the people in his government are lawyers, or smatterers in law; and that in Boston they have been enabled, by successful chicane, wholly to evade many parts of one of your capital penal constitutions. The smartness of debate will say that this knowledge ought to teach them more clearly the rights of the legislature, their obligations to obedience, and the penalties of rebellion. All this is mighty well. But my honourable and learned friend on the floor, who condescends to mark what I say for animadvertion, will disdain that ground. He has heard, as well as I, that when great honours and great emoluments do not win over this knowledge to the service of the state, it is a formidable adversary to government. If the spirit be not tamed and broken by these happy methods, it is stubborn and litigious. *Abeunt studia in mores.* This study renders men acute, inquisitive, dexterous, prompt in attack, ready in defence, full of resources. In other countries,

the people, more simple, and of a less mercurial cast, judge of an ill principle in government only by an actual grievance; here they anticipate the evil and judge of the pressure of the grievance by the badness of the principle. They augur misgovernment at a distance, and snuff the approach of tyranny in every tainted breeze.

The last cause of this disobedient spirit in the colonies is hardly less powerful than the rest, as it is not merely moral, but laid deep in the natural constitution of things. Three thousand miles of ocean lie between you and them. No contrivance can prevent the effect of this distance in weakening government. Seas roll, and months pass, between the order and the execution; and the want of a speedy explanation of a single point is enough to defeat a whole system. You have, indeed, winged ministers of vengeance, who carry your bolts in their pounces to the remotest verge of the sea. But there a power steps in, that limits the arrogance of raging passions and furious elements, and says, "So far shalt thou go, and no farther." Who are you, that should fret and rage, and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than does to all nations who have extensive empire; and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace; nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed as you in yours. She complies too; she submits; she

watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

Then, sir, from these six capital sources: of descent; of form of government; of religion in the northern provinces; of manners in the southern; of education; of the remoteness of situation from the first mover of government; from all these causes a fiery spirit of liberty has grown up. It has grown with the growth of the people in your colonies, and increased with the increase of their wealth; a spirit that unhappily meeting with an exercise of power in England, which, however lawful, is not reconcilable to any ideas of liberty, much less with theirs, has kindled this flame that is ready to consume us.

XII.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

(i.) TO THE MUSES.

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove;
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

(ii.) REEDS OF INNOCENCE.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a Lamb!"
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again;"
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer!"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read."
So he vanish'd from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

(iii.) TO SPRING.

O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down,
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell one another, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turn'd
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

O deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languish'd head,
Whose modest tresses are bound up for thee.

(iv.) NIGHT.

The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy grove,
Where flocks have took delight;
Where lambs have nibbled, silent move
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing
And joy without ceasing
On each bud and blossom,
On each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest
Where birds are cover'd warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:

If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep,
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep,
But, if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold:
And pitying the tender cries
And walking round the fold:
Saying, "Wrath by His meekness,
And, by His health, sickness,
Are driven away
From our immortal day.

"And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep,
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold."

(v.) THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

XIII.

ROBERT BURNS.

(i.) TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie,
O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
W' bickerin brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion,
Which maks thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun lieve!
A daimen icker in a thrave
's a sma request:
I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's win's ensuin,
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
Hast cost thee monie a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, though I canna see,
I guess an' fear.

(ii.) THE FAREWELL.

It was a' for our rightfu' King
We left fair Scotland's strand ;
It was a' for our rightfu' King
We e'er saw Irish land,
My dear—
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that man can do,
And a' is done in vain ;
My love and native land, farewell,
For I maun cross the main,
My dear—
For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about
Upon the Irish shore ;
And gae his bridle-reins a shake,
With, Adieu for evermore,
My dear—
With, Adieu for evermore !

The sodger frae the wars returns,
The sailor frae the main;
But I hae parted frae my love,
Never to meet again,
My dear—
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
And a' folks bound to sleep,
I think on him that's far awa',
The lee-lang night and weep,
My dear—
The lee-lang night and weep.

(iii.) THE BANKS O' DOON.

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair!
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fause luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wistna o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon a morn in June;
And sae I flourish'd on the morn,
And sae was pu'd or' noon.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Upon its thorny tree;
But my fause luver staw my rose,
And left the thorn wi' me.

(iv.) JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither:
And monie a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

(v.) CALEDONIA.

Tune, "Humours of Glen."

THEIR groves of sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
Where bright-beaming summers exalt the perfume,
Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green breckan,
Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow broom.

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bowers,
Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk lowly unseen ;
For there lightly tripping amang the wild flowers,
A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
And cauld Caledonia's blast on the wave :
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
What are they ? The haunt of the tyrant and slave.

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
The brave Caledonian views with disdain ;
He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his Jean.

XIV.

LAURENCE STERNE.

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

—THEY order, said I, this matter better in France——

—You have been in France? said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world.—Strange ! quoth I, debating the matter with myself, That one and twenty miles sailing, for 'tis absolutely no further from Dover to Calais, should give a man these rights—I'll look into them : so giving up the argument—I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches—"the coat I have on," said I, looking at the sleeve, "will do"—took a place in the Dover stage ; and the packet sailing at nine the next morning—by three I had got sat down to my dinner upon a fricaseed chicken, so incontestibly in France, that had I died that night of an indigestion, the whole world could not have suspended the effects of the *Droits d'aubaine*—my

shirts, and black pair of silk breeches—portmanteau and all must have gone to the King of France—even the little picture which I have so long worn, and so often have told thee, Eliza, I would carry with me into my grave, would have been torn from my neck.—Ungenerous !—to seize upon the wreck of an unwary passenger, whom your subjects had beckoned to their coast—by heaven ! SIRE, it is not well done ; and much does it grieve me, 'tis the monarch of a people so civilized and courteous, and so renowned for sentiment and fine feelings, that I have reason with——

But I have scarce set foot in your dominions——

CALAIS.

When I had finish'd my dinner, and drank the King of France's health, to satisfy my mind that I bore him no spleen, but, on the contrary, high honour for the humanity of his temper—I rose up an inch taller for the accommodation.

—No—said I—the Bourbon is by no means a cruel race : they may be misled like other people ; but there is a mildness in their blood. As I acknowledged this, I felt a suffusion of a finer kind upon my cheek—more warm and friendly to man, than what Burgundy (at least of two livres a bottle, which was such as I had been drinking) could have produced.

—Just God ! said I, kicking my portmanteau aside, what is there in this world's goods which should sharpen our spirits, and make so many kind-hearted brethren of us fall out so cruelly as we do by the way ?

When man is at peace with man, how much lighter than a feather is the heaviest of metals in his hand ! he pulls out his purse, and holding it airily and uncompress'd, looks round him, as if he sought for an object to share it with.—In doing this, I felt every vessel in my frame

dilate—the arteries beat all chearily together, and every power which sustained life, performed it with so little friction, that 'twould have confounded the most *physical precieuse* in France: with all her materialism, she could scarce have called me a machine——

I'm confident, said I to myself, I should have overset her creed.

The accession of that idea carried nature, at that time, as high as she could go—I was at peace with the world before, and this finish'd the treaty with myself——

Now, was I a King of France, cried I—what a moment for an orphan to have begg'd his father's portmanteau of me!

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

I had scarce uttered the words, when a poor monk of the order of St. Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. No man cares to have his virtues the sport of contingencies—or one man may be generous, as another man is puissant—*sed non quo ad hanc*—or be it as it may—for there is no regular reasoning upon the ebbs and flows of our humours; they may depend upon the same causes, for aught I know, which influence the tides themselves—'twould oft be no discredit to us, to suppose it was so: I'm sure at least for myself, that in many a case I should be more highly satisfied, to have it said by the world, "I had had an affair with the moon, in which there was neither sin nor shame," than have it pass altogether as my one act and deed, wherein there was so much of both.

—But be this as it may. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was predetermined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—button'd it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I

fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scatter'd white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more temper'd by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty.—Truth might lie between.—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seem'd to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating, free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it look'd forwards; but look'd, as if it look'd at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows; but it would have suited a Bramin, and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had reverenced it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for 'twas neither elegant or otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forward in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and as it now stands presented to my imagination, it gain'd more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journey'd being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the

poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitch'd not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters; and the true point of pity is, as they can be earn'd in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm—the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full chearfully should it have been open'd to you, for the ransom of the unfortunate.—The monk made me a bow—but of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore.—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in

every corner of the world, as well as within our convent.—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God.*

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment pass'd across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he press'd both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

THE MONK.

CALAIS.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door.—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had utter'd, crowded back into my imagination: I reflected, I had no right over the poor Franciscan but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his gray hairs—his courteous figure seem'd to re-enter and gently ask me what injury he had done me?—and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

XV.

R. B. SHERIDAN.

THE CRITIC.

ACT III., SCENE I.—*The Theatre, before the Curtain.*

Enter PUFF, SNEER, *and* DANGLE.

Puff. Well, we are ready; now then or the justices.

[*Curtain rises.*

JUSTICES, CONSTABLES, &c., *discovered.*

Sneer. This, I suppose, is a sort of senate scene.

Puff. To be sure; there has not been one yet.

Dang. It is the under-plot, isn't it?

Puff. Yes.—What, gentlemen, do you mean to go at once to the discovery-scene?

Just. If you please, sir.

Puff. Oh, very well!—Hark'ee, I don't choose to say anything more; but i'faith they have mangled my play in a most shocking manner.

Dang. It's a great pity!

Puff. Now, then, Mr. Justice, if you please.

Just. Are all the volunteers without?
Const. They are.
Some ten in fetters, and some twenty drunk.
Just. Attends the youth, whose most opprobrious fame
And clear convicted crimes have stamp'd him soldier?
Const. He waits your pleasure; eager to repay
The best reprieve that sends him to the fields
Of glory, there to raise his branded hand
In honour's cause.
Just. 'Tis well—'tis justice arms him!
Oh! may he now defend his country's laws
With half the spirit he has broke them all!
If 'tis your worship's pleasure, bid him enter.
Const. I fly, the herald of your will. [*Exit.*

Puff. Quick, sir.

Sneer. But, Mr. Puff, I think not only the Justice, but the clown seems to talk in as high a style as the first hero among them.

Puff. Heaven forbid they should not in a free country!—Sir, I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people.

Dang. That's very noble in you, indeed.

Enter JUSTICE'S LADY.

Puff. Now, pray mark this scene.

Lady. Forgive this interruption, good my love;
But as I just now pass'd a prisoner youth,
Whom rude hands hither lead, strange bodings seized
My fluttering heart, and to myself I said,
An' if our Tom had lived, he'd surely been
This stripling's height!

Just. Ha! sure some powerful sympathy directs
Us both——

Enter CONSTABLE *with* SON.

What is thy name?

Son. My name is Tom Jenkins—*alias* have I none—
Though orphan'd, and without a friend!

Just. Thy parents?

Son. My father dwelt in Rochester—and was,
As I have heard—a fishmonger—no more.

Puff. What, sir, do you leave out the account of your birth, parentage, and education?

Son. They have settled it so, sir, here.

Puff. Oh! oh!

Lady. How loudly nature whispers to my heart
Had he no other name?

Son. I've seen a bill
Of his sign'd Tomkins, creditor.

Just. This does indeed confirm each circumstance
The gipsy told!—Prepare!

Son. I do.

Just. No orphan, nor without a friend art thou—
I am thy father; here's thy mother; there
Thy uncle—this thy first cousin, and those
Are all your near relations!

Lady. O ecstasy of bliss!

Son. O most unlook'd-for happiness!

Just. O wonderful event! [*They faint alternately in each other's arms.*

Puff. There, you see, relationship, like murder, will out.

Just. Now let's revive—else were this joy too much !
But come—and we'll unfold the rest within ;
And thou, my boy, must needs want rest and food.
Hence may each orphan hope, as chance directs,
To find a father—where he least expects ! [*Exeunt.*

Puff. What do you think of that ?

Dang. One of the finest discovery-scenes I ever saw !—Why, this under-plot would have made a tragedy itself.

Sneer. Ay ! or a comedy either.

Puff. And keeps quite clear you see of the other.

Enter SCENEMEN, *taking away the seats.*

Puff. The scene remains, does it ?

Sceneman. Yes, sir.

Puff. You are to leave one chair, you know.—But it is always awkward in a tragedy, to have your fellows coming in in your play-house liveries to remove things.—I wish that could be managed better.—So now for my mysterious yeoman.

Enter BEEFEATER.

Beef. Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee.

Sneer. Haven't I heard that line before ?

Puff. No, I fancy not.—Where, pray ?

Dang. Yes, I think there is something like it in "Othello."

Puff. Gad ! now you put me in mind on't, I believe there is—but that's of no consequence ; all that can be said is, that two people happened to hit upon the same thought—and Shakespeare made use of it first, that's all.

Sneer. Very true.

Puff. Now, sir, your soliloquy—but speak more to the pit, if you please—the soliloquy always to the pit, that's a rule.

Beef. Though hopeless love finds comfort in despair,
It never can endure a rival's bliss !
But soft—I am observed. [*Exit.*

Dang. That's a very short soliloquy.

Puff. Yes—but it would have been a great deal longer if he had not been observed.

Sneer. A most sentimental Beefeater that, Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hark'ee—I would not have you be too sure that he is a Beefeater.

Sneer. What, a hero in disguise?

Puff. No matter—I only give you a hint. But now for my principal character. Here he comes—Lord Burleigh in person! Pray, gentlemen, step this way—softly—I only hope the Lord High Treasurer is perfect—if he is but perfect!

Enter LORD BURLEIGH, *goes slowly to a chair, and sits.*

Sneer. Mr. Puff!

Puff. Hush!—Vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

Dang. What, isn't he to speak at all?

Puff. Egad, I thought you'd ask me that!—Yes, it is a very likely thing—that a minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk!—But hush! or you'll put him out.

Sneer. Put him out; how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say anything?

Puff. There's the reason! why, his part is to think; and how the plague do you imagine he can think if you keep talking?

Dang. That's very true, upon my word!

LORD BURLEIGH *comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.*

Sneer. He is very perfect indeed! Now, pray what did he mean by that?

Puff. You don't take it?

Sneer. No, I don't, upon my soul.

Puff. Why, by that shake of the head, he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures—yet, if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

Sneer. The devil! did he mean all that by shaking his head?

Puff. Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

Dang. Ah! there certainly is a vast deal to be done on the stage by dumb show and expressions of face; and a judicious author knows how much he may trust to it.

Sneer. Oh, here are some of our old acquaintance.

Enter SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Christ. My niece and your niece too!
By Heaven! there's witchcraft in't.—He could not else
Have gain'd their hearts.—But see where they approach:
Some horrid purpose lowering on their brows!

Sir Walt. Let us withdraw and mark them. [*They withdraw.*

Sneer. What is all this?

Puff. Ah! here has been more pruning!—but the fact is, these two young ladies are also in love with Don Whiskerandos.—Now, gentlemen, this scene goes entirely for what we call situation and stage effect, by which the greatest applause may be obtained, without the assistance of language, sentiment, or character: pray mark!

Enter the two NIECES.

1*st Niece.* Ellena here!
She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still!

Puff. O dear, madam, you are not to say that to her face! —Aside, ma'am, aside.—The whole scene is to be aside.

1*st Niece.* She is his scorn as much as I—that is
Some comfort still. [*Aside.*

2*nd Niece.* I know he prizes not Pollina's love;
But Tilburina lords it o'er his heart. [*Aside.*

1*st Niece.* But see the proud destroyer of my peace.
Revenge is all the good I've left. [*Aside.*

2*nd Niece.* He comes, the false disturber of my quiet.
Now vengeance do thy worst. [*Aside.*

Enter DON FEROLO WHISKERANDOS.

Whisk. O hateful liberty—if thus in vain
I seek my Tilburina!

Both Nieces. And ever shalt!

SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON *and* SIR WALTER RALEIGH *come forward.*

Sir Christ. and Sir Walt. Hold ! we will avenge you.

Whisk. Hold *you*—or see your nieces bleed !

[*The two* NIECES *draw their two daggers to strike* WHISKERANDOS : *the two* UNCLES *at the instant, with their two swords drawn, catch their two* NIECES' *arms, and turn the points of their swords to* WHISKERANDOS, *who immediately draws two daggers, and holds them to the two* NIECES' *bosoms.*

Puff. There's situation for you ! there's an heroic group !—You see the ladies can't stab Whiskerandos—he durst not strike them, for fear of their uncles—the uncles durst not kil him, because of their nieces.—I have them all at a dead lock ! —for every one of them is afraid to let go first.

Sneer. Why, then they must stand there for ever !

Puff. So they would, if I hadn't a very fine contrivance for't. —Now mind——

Enter BEEFEATER, *with his halbert.*

Beef. In the queen's name I charge you all to drop
Your swords and daggers !
[*They drop their swords and daggers.*

Sneer. That is a contrivance indeed !

Puff. Ay—in the queen's name.

Sir Christ. Come, niece !
Sir Walt. Come, niece ! [*Exeunt with the two* NIECES.
Whisk. What's he, who bids us thus renounce our guard ?
Beef. Thou must do more—renounce thy love !
Whisk. Thou liest—base Beefeater !
Beef. Ha ! hell ! the lie !
By Heaven thou'st roused the lion in my heart !
Off, yeoman's habit !—base disguise ! off ! off !
[*Discovers himself by throwing off his upper dress, and appearing in a very fine waistcoat.*
Am I a Beefeater now ?
Or beams my crest as terrible as when
In Biscay's Bay I took thy captive sloop ?

Puff. There, egad ! he comes out to be the very captain of the privateer who had taken Whiskerandos prisoner—and was himself an old lover of Tilburina's.

Dang. Admirably managed, indeed !

Puff. Now, stand out of their way.

Whisk. I thank thee, Fortune, that hast thus bestowed
A weapon to chastise this insolent.
[*Takes up one of the swords.*
Beef. I take thy challenge, Spaniard, and I thank thee,
Fortune, too! [*Takes up the other sword.*

Dang. That's excellently contrived!—It seems as if the two uncles had left their swords on purpose for them.

Puff. No, egad, they could not help leaving them.

Whisk. Vengeance and Tilburina!
Beef. Exactly so——
[*They fight—and after the usual number of wounds given,* WHISKERANDOS *falls.*
Whisk. O cursed parry!—that last thrust in tierce
Was fatal.—Captain, thou hast fenced well!
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——
Beef. ——nity—he would have added, but stern death
Cut short his being, and the noun at once!

Puff. Oh, my dear sir, you are too slow: now mind me.—Sir, shall I trouble you to die again?

Whisk. And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene
For all eter——
Beef. ——nity—he would have added,——

Puff. No, sir—that's not it—once more, if you please.

Whisk. I wish, sir, you would practise this without me—I can't stay dying here all night.

Puff. Very well; we'll go over it by-and-by.—[*Exit* WHISKERANDOS.] I must humour these gentlemen!

Beef. Farewell, brave Spaniard! and when next——

Puff. Dear sir, you needn't speak that speech, as the body has walked off.

Beef. That's true, sir—then I'll join the fleet.

Puff. If you please.—[*Exit* BEEFEATER.] Now, who comes on?

Enter GOVERNOR, *with his hair properly disordered.*

Gov. A hemisphere of evil planets reign!
And every planet sheds contagious frenzy!

My Spanish prisoner is slain ! my daughter,
Meeting the dead corse borne along, has gone
Distract ! [*A loud flourish of trumpets.*
But hark ! I am summoned to the fort :
Perhaps the fleets have met ! amazing crisis !
O Tilburina ! from thy aged father's beard
Thou'st pluck'd the few brown hairs which time had left ! [*Exit.*

Sneer. Poor gentleman !

Puff. Yes—and no one to blame but his daughter !

Dang. And the planets——

Puff. True.—Now enter Tilburina !

Sneer. Egad, the business comes on quick here.

Puff. Yes, sir—now she comes in stark mad in white satin.

Sneer. Why in white satin ?

Puff. O lord, sir—when a heroine goes mad, she always goes into white satin.—Don't she, Dangle ?

Dang. Always—it's a rule.

Puff. Yes—here it is—[*Looking at the book.*] "Enter Tilburina stark mad in white satin, and her confidant stark mad in white linen."

Enter TILBURINA *and* CONFIDANT, *mad, according to custom.*

Sneer. But, what the deuce ! is the confidant to be mad too?

Puff. To be sure she is : the confidant is always to do whatever her mistress does ; weep when she weeps, smile when she smiles, go mad when she goes mad.—Now, Madam Confidant—but keep your madness in the background, if you please.

Tilb. The wind whistles—the moon rises—see,
They have kill'd my squirrel in his cage :
Is this a grasshopper ?—Ha ! no ; it is my
Whiskerandos—you shall not keep him—
I know you have him in your pocket—
An oyster may be cross'd in love !—who says
A whale's a bird ?—Ha ! did you call, my love ?—
He's here ! he's there !—He's everywhere !
Ah me ! he's nowhere ! [*Exit.*

Puff. There, do you ever desire to see anybody madder than that ?

Sneer. Never, while I live!

Puff. You observed how she mangled the metre?

Dang. Yes,—egad, it was the first thing made me suspect she was out of her senses!

Sneer. And pray what becomes of her?

Puff. She is gone to throw herself into the sea, to be sure—and that brings us at once to the scene of action, and so to my catastrophe—my sea-fight, I mean.

Sneer. What, you bring that in at last?

Puff. Yes, yes—you know my play is called *The Spanish Armada;* otherwise, egad, I have no occasion for the battle at all.—Now then for my magnificence!—my battle!—my noise!—and my procession!—You are all ready?

Und. Promp. [*Within.*] Yes, sir.

Puff. Is the Thames dressed?

Enter THAMES *with two* ATTENDANTS.

Thames. Here I am, sir.

Puff. Very well, indeed!—See, gentlemen, there's a river for you!—This is blending a little of the masque with my tragedy—a new fancy, you know—and very useful in my case; for as there must be a procession, I suppose Thames, and all his tributary rivers, to compliment Britannia with a fête in honour of the victory.

Sneer. But pray, who are these gentlemen in green with him?

Puff. Those?—those are his banks.

Sneer. His banks?

Puff. Yes, one crowned with alders, and the other with a villa!—you take the allusions?—But hey! what the plague!—you have got both your banks on one side.—Here, sir, come round.—Ever while you live, Thames, go between your banks.—[*Bell rings.*] There, so! now for't!—Stand aside, my dear friends!—Away, Thames!

[*Exit* THAMES *between his banks.*

[*Flourish of drums, trumpets, cannon, &c., &c. Scene changes to the sea—the fleets engage—the music plays—"Britons, strike home."—Spanish fleet destroyed by fire-ships, &c.—English fleet advances—music plays, "Rule, Britannia!"—The procession of all the English rivers, and their tributaries, with their emblems, &c., begins with Handel's water music, ends with a chorus to the march in Judas Maccabæus.—During this scene,* PUFF *directs and applauds everything—then*

Puff. Well, pretty well—but not quite perfect. So, ladies and gentlemen, if you please, we'll rehearse this piece again to-morrow. [*Curtain drops.*

XVI.

HORACE WALPOLE.

A WESLEY MEETING.

To JOHN CHUTE, ESQ.

BATH, *Oct.* 10, 1766.

I AM impatient to hear that your charity to me has not ended in the gout to yourself; all my comfort is, if you have it, that you have good Lady Brown to nurse you.

My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have boys and girls with charming voices, that sing hymns in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes; but indeed so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with true Gothic windows (yet I am not converted); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution: they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste. At the upper end is a broad *hautpas* of four steps, advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two of

my eagles, with red cushions for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for pulpit,—scarlet-armed chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails,—so you see the throne is for the apostle. Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh-coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a *soupçon* of curl at the ends; wondrously clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick He spoke his sermon, but so fast and with so little accent that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm,—decried learning, and told stories, like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for everything." Except a few from curiosity and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean. There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure rosy, vulgar face to heaven, and who asked Miss Rich if that was *the author of the poets.* I believe she meant me and the Noble Authors.

The Bedfords came last night. Lord Chatham was with me yesterday two hours: looks and walks well, and is in excellent political spirits.

XVII.

WILLIAM COWPER.

HYMN.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain:
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

XVIII.

WILLIAM COWPER.

A WINTER SCENE.

(FROM "THE TASK.")

THE cattle mourn in corners where the fence
Screens them, and seem half-petrified to sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder, not like hungering man

Fretful if unsupplied, but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain's delay.
He from the stack carves out the accustom'd load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
His broad keen knife into the solid mass;
Smooth as a wall the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care
Lest storms should overset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher, and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for ought,
But now and then with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighbouring pale,
Where, diligent to catch the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossip'd side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife's well-known call
The feather'd tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious, and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves

To seize the fair occasion. Well they eye
The scatter'd grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.
Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resign'd
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut, and wading at their head
With well-consider'd steps, seems to resent
His alter'd gait and stateliness retrench'd.
How find the myriads, that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them nought: the imprison'd worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie cover'd close, and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted vigour of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts, self-buried ere they die.
The very rooks and daws forsake the fields
Where neither grub nor root nor earth-nut now
Repays their labour more; and perch'd aloft
By the way-side, or stalking in the path,
Lean pensioners upon the traveller's track,
Pick up their nauseous dole, though sweet to them,
Of voided pulse or half-digested grain.

XIX.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN,

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED, AND CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, That's well said;
And, for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore;
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
The wine is left behind!

Good lack! quoth he—yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again,
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, fair and softly, John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, Well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay:

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house—
They all at once did cry;
The dinner waits, and we are tired:
Said Gilpin—So am I!

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all?

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.

Said John, it is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said,
I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.

Ah luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear:
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig.
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why?—they were too big.

Now mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half a crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:—

Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking as before
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin long live he;
And, when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

NOTES

I.—THOMAS GRAY.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

For an account of the author and his other works, see the Introduction. This poem was begun at Stoke Poges, in Buckinghamshire, while the poet was on a visit to his mother and sister. The churchyard is still a most beautiful spot, standing in the midst of the park with its high red wall, the 'ivy-mantled tower' of the church, and the immemorial yews. A large monument to Gray has been erected in the neighbourhood.

1. **The curfew.** The derivation of this word is French *couvre-feu*. The ringing of a bell in the evening as a signal to extinguish lights was, as everyone knows, established by William the Conqueror. The custom of ringing the bell lasted for centuries, and, indeed, is not yet extinct. It may be heard, for example, in Cambridge.
26. **glebe,** from Latin *gleba*, a clod or piece of turf; it is now specially applied to the parson's land, but is used by Gray in its original sense.
41. **animated bust.** He means lifelike statues, thinking, perhaps (for he was saturated with Vergil), of 'spirantia aera' in *Æneid*, vi.
76. **tenor,** a Latin word meaning 'uniform course.' There is no musical metaphor here.
85. Who ever was so seized with forgetfulness as deliberately to choose death in preference to life with all its anxieties?
95. **If chance, etc.** 'Chance' is here to be taken as a pure subjunctive, impersonal = 'if it chance that.'
107. **woful wan,** 'sadly pale.'
115. **for thou canst read.** A touch of pathos—the swain himself cannot read. The Epitaph is that of the poet himself. The friend is probably his biographer Mason.

II.—THOMAS GRAY.

The Progress of Poesy.

This is the first true Pindaric Ode in English, for the principles of Pindar's verse were not understood by Milton or Dryden. Pindar, the Bœotian singer of athletic victories, used a system of elaborate correspondence—Strophé, Antistrophé, and Epode. The first two stanzas here, which are alike in metre, form the Strophe and Antistrophe; they consist of twelve lines arranged thus: Four feet, A-rhyme; five feet, B-rhyme; four feet, B-rhyme; five feet, A-rhyme; a four-foot couplet with C-rhyme; five feet with D-rhyme; four feet with D-rhyme; five feet with E-rhyme; four feet with E-rhyme; then four feet with F-rhyme; and, finally, an

Alexandrine answering to it. The Epode which follows is of a much lighter and more intricate character. This arrangement thrice repeated forms the Ode. Pindar, of course, intended his Odes for a musical accompaniment, and without music much of their point is lost, for the ear cannot fully appreciate an elaborate correspondence carried on over twenty-four lines and more.

1. **Æolian lyre.** The Æolian harp is a contrivance which utters two or three notes when hung up in the wind. Also the Æolian measure was one of the three 'modes' of Greek music employed by Pindar. The latter is the reference here.
4. **Helicon** was the mountain in Bœotia on which the Muses were supposed to dwell.
15. **shell** stands here for music. According to the Greek legend music was invented by the god Hermes, who found a tortoise-shell and stretched strings upon it, so making the first lyre.
16. **controul** was the normal spelling of 'control' at this period.
17. **On Thracia's hills.** Ares, the Greek god of war, came originally from Thrace.
21. **the feather'd king**, the eagle, always the attribute of Jove in ancient sculpture.
27. **Idália**, a mountain in Cyprus sacred to Venus.
29. **Cytherēa** is a name of Venus, from the island Cythēra, where she was worshipped.
30. **blue-eyed pleasures.** The student should consider the appropriateness of this epithet, for it is typical of our poet. 'Blue-eyed Pleasure' would be a fair poetical personification. But 'pleasures' being here merely abstract and in the plural, it seems necessary to condemn the epithet as otiose and disturbing to the sense.
35. **many-twinkling** was censured by Dr. Johnson. 'Many-twinkling,' he says, 'was formerly censured as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but not "many-spotting."' This is false criticism. 'To spot' is not a proper verb, 'to twinkle' is; and you could not say 'many-twinkled.' Prose would, of course, say 'much-twinkling,' but poetry may surely be allowed the licence of abbreviating 'twinkling many twinkles' into 'many-twinkling.'
38. **sublime**=aloft, a Latinism.
41. **purple light of love.** The explanation of 'purple' lies in the fact that Latin *purpureus* is used of any bright colour.
47. **justify the laws of Jove.** So, omitting the pagan mythology, Milton pronounces his purpose to 'justify the ways of God to Man.'
53. **Hyperion**, the sun
66. This stanza is in praise of Homer and Vergil. The first four lines describe the most famous scenes of Greece.
77. **the sad Nine**, the Muses who left Greece for Italy when Rome triumphed.
84. **Nature's darling** is, of course, Shakespeare; observe that to Gray Dryden is of more account than Chaucer or Spenser.
95. **he that rode sublime**, Milton.
102. **clos'd his eyes.** Milton's blindness is well known.
105. **two coursers**, a poetical description of the heroic couplet.
115. **the Theban eagle** is Pindar, who likens himself to an eagle, and his rivals to the crows.

III.—BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.

1. This is one of Boswell's amusing anecdotes of his hero's early years. Johnson was born at Lichfield on September 18, 1709.

   kennel, connected etymologically with 'channel' and 'canal,' here means the gutter.

2. Johnson married on July 9, 1736, Mrs. Porter, the widow of a Birmingham clothier. He was then twenty-seven and she forty-nine. She died in 1752, and was deeply lamented by Johnson. Boswell says 'her person and manner, as described to me by the late Mr. Garrick, were by no means pleasing to others.' Johnson himself was at this time almost penniless, and Mrs. Porter was by no means rich.

   She had read the old romances, like Lydia Languish in Sheridan's *Rivals*, whose head was turned by *The Constant Lover* and similar early stories.

3. The date of this extract is 1748. It shows Johnson at work upon his great Dictionary. His early struggles are now over, and he is settled in Fleet Street. **Dr. Adams** was Johnson's tutor at Pembroke College, Oxford, and afterwards master of that college. Junius and Skinner are apparently the authors of previous dictionaries.

4. Johnson had dedicated his proposals or *Plan for an English Dictionary* to Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, in 1747. This elegant courtier had sent him, contemptuously enough, a present of £10, and now tried to claim the credit of a patron. Further information about Lord Chesterfield will be found in the Introduction. It is said, with some justification, that this celebrated letter gave the death-blow to the system of patronage, which had, indeed, in the past done great service to the world of letters (Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare are examples), but was now a degrading and odious bondage. Gossip declared that the real cause of Johnson's resentment was that the delay alluded to in this letter—'I waited in your outward rooms'—was occasioned by the fact that Lord Chesterfield had given preference to Colley Cibber, the actor and dramatist.

   address, almost equivalent to 'manners.'

   the shepherd in Virgil, *Nunc scio quid sit Amor*, *duris in cautibus illum*, etc. (Vergil, *Eclogues*, viii. 44).

   and cannot impart it, alluding to the death of his wife.

5. This amusing account shows Boswell's first meeting with his hero. It was Boswell's great passion to become acquainted with important people, and he certainly succeeded, by virtue of a good deal of effrontery, in knowing the foremost people of his time. In France he visited Rousseau and Voltaire; in England he attached himself also to General Paoli, the Corsican patriot, John Wilkes, and many others. **Mr. Davies** was a bookseller, which then meant also a publisher. Mr. Davies was, or had been, an actor as well.

7. This shows Dr. Johnson in his capacity as a defender of the faith. The date of this conversation is 1763. General Wolfe captured Quebec in 1759, and by the Peace of Paris in this year (1763) Canada was assured to England.

8. For the circumstances under which this pension was given and received, see the Introduction. It made no difference to Johnson's

political views. He was by nature a supporter of the throne, and his pamphlet, 'Taxation no Tyranny,' did good service to the Ministry at home. Johnson had been in his youth a Jacobite by sympathy, but he was never under the least temptation to give effect to this feeling.

10. **The Argonauts** were the mythical Greek heroes who set out with Jason in quest of the Golden Fleece. Orpheus, the magical singer, was one of them. Johnson is probably thinking of the *Argonauticon* of Valerius Flaccus.

13. This interesting dinner party took place in 1769.
bloom-coloured pale rose, a fashionable colour at the period.
the concluding lines of the Dunciad :

> 'Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored !
> Light dies before thy unrevealed word ;
> Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
> And universal darkness buries all !'

It is said by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, I know not upon what authority, that the member of the company thus unmercifully snubbed was no other than the host, James Boswell himself !

14. **Sir Adam Ferguson**, born 1727, died 1813, made an unsuccessful claim to the earldom of Glencairn. The Pantheon, where this conversation occurred, is in Oxford Street, and was formerly a kind of music-hall. It still stands, but has been converted into a wine-merchant's. Johnson expresses Pope's fallacious maxim :

> 'For forms of government let fools contest :
> Whate'er is best administered is best.'

The King of Prussia at this date (1772) was Frederick the Great.

15. **A gentleman**, again poor Boswell himself !

17. This letter has reference to the famous 'Ossian' controversy. **James Macpherson**, born 1736, died 1796, had done some translations from the Gaelic, which won him great applause. Then he professed to have discovered and written down from oral recitation and translated a great epic called *Fingal*, the work of an ancient Highland poet, Ossian. A hot controversy raged about the authenticity of this work. Johnson was the leader of the attack, constantly demanding that the original should be produced, which never was done. Macpherson was so much irritated by Johnson's onslaughts that he sent Johnson a challenge to a duel, to which this is the answer. Johnson did not on principle object to duelling. The real truth about Ossian is that Macpherson had very liberally expanded and improved a few genuine legends which he had really heard in the Highlands, but Ossian himself is a fiction.

18. Johnson is now with Boswell on a visit to Oxford, March, 1776.

19. **Chapel House** is in the neighbourhood of Blenheim Palace, which they had just visited from Oxford. The poet **Shenstone**, born 1714, died 1763, whose life was written by Johnson, was chiefly famous for his poem, *The Schoolmistress*.

21. **Charles XII.**, the famous King of Sweden, whose dashing exploits against Peter the Great and among the Turks form the most romantic episodes of history. **The King of Prussia**, Frederick the Great.

22. In this extract the innocent delight of Boswell at the success of his stratagem is very diverting. It also introduces a famous character of the time in **John Wilkes**. This remarkable person was of notoriously bad character, and first came into prominence by bitterly denouncing the Government in the journal of which he was editor, *The North Briton*. For these attacks he was prosecuted and sent to prison illegally under a 'general warrant.' On this account he was set free, but was again prosecuted for libel and again for blasphemy. He was expelled from Parliament, and fled to France. The quarrel soon developed into a real struggle for the liberty of the press, in which Wilkes eventually triumphed, and became a popular hero. He was again and again elected for Parliament, though the House of Commons refused to have him. Later on he became Lord Mayor of London, and settled down as a useful citizen, declaring that he had never been a Wilkesite. As his name was associated with the most violent form of Radicalism, Boswell might well tremble at the thought of introducing him to the great champion of Toryism. As a matter of fact, the two great men held a most amicable conversation at the publisher's dinner-table.

23. The **Reverend Doctor William Dodd**, formerly Prebendary of Brecon, and chaplain-in-ordinary to the King, was convicted of a charge of forgery and sentenced to death in 1777. The forgery was a bond in the name of his old pupil, the Earl of Chesterfield. Johnson, who was only slightly acquainted with him, took up the cause with his usual vigour, and wrote several petitions in his favour, which were, however, unavailing. This noble letter of consolation was written on the eve of the execution.

24. They are on a visit to the Rev. Dr. John Taylor, a very old friend of Dr. Johnson. **Dr. Taylor** was a rich country parson, famous for cattle breeding. He had announced his intention of leaving his property to Johnson, but Johnson died first. Dr. Taylor's sermons were published after his death, and were exceedingly popular, but it is asserted that they were all the work of Johnson.

25. The year is 1778. **Allan Ramsay** was the son of the Scottish poet who did so much for ballad literature in his *Tea-table Miscellany*. This man was a distinguished artist, portrait-painter to George III. Gibbon is the great historian (see the Introduction). Owen Cambridge was a satirist and poet. Bennet Langton was one of Johnson's best friends, and succeeded him as Professor of History to the Royal Academy.

Lo que erà, etc., translated by Croker :

> 'Things fixed and firm away have passed,
> The fugitive remain and last.'

Janus Vitalis. The quotation from this late and obscure Latin poet proves the immense range of Johnson's knowledge of Latin literature—'. . . things immovable fall into ruin, and things constantly moving abide.'

Dr. Young, the author of *Night Thoughts*. See *The Pope Epoch*.

when I was with the army. He was chaplain to the Duke of Cumberland.

Romæ Tibur amem, Horace, *Epistles*, i. 8 : 'Fickle that I am, I love Tivoli when I am at Rome, and at Tivoli 'tis Rome I love.'

Me constare mihi, *Epistles*, i. 14 : 'You know that I am consistent, and depart with sorrow whenever hateful business drags me to Rome.'

Goldsmith had died in the previous year.

Chamier was an Under-Secretary of State and a member of the Literary Club.

the Stephani, famous early printers of Paris.

Caxton printed only two books, etc. This is not strictly accurate; we might add Lydgate and others to the list. But the general truth of the argument is unassailable.

γηράσκειν διδασκόμενος, 'to grow old learning,' a quotation from Solon.

in Juvenal, *Satires*, iii. 230 : 'It is something—no matter what the place of your retreat—to have made yourself the master of *a single lizard*'—*i.e.*, a very small estate.

Gargantua's mouth, from *As You Like It*, Act iii.

He would not flatter, *Coriolanus*, Act iii., Scene i.

26. For an account of Richardson, the first English novelist, see the Introduction.

27. **George Buchanan** (1506 to 1582) was tutor of James I., and a bitter opponent of Mary, Queen of Scots. He was chiefly renowned for his admirable Latin verses.

Dr. Adam Smith, one of the greatest minds of his time. He was a professor at Glasgow. His great work, *An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, laid the foundations of the Science of Economics. He was born in 1723 and died in 1790. Johnson's choice of Brentford was deliberately scornful.

28. Both **Kemble** and **Mrs. Siddons** are great names in the history of the English stage. Mrs. Siddons is well known to us from the magnificent portraits of her by Sir Joshua Reynolds. She was the sister of John Philip Kemble, and was probably the greatest tragedian that ever lived in England.

29. This and the next extract show the Doctor as an acute common-sense critic. The line here ridiculed is from a play, *The Earl of Warwick*, by Brooke.

30. **Henry Grattan** was a brilliant Irish orator, who championed the cause of Irish independence against Pitt's financial policy. He was a Protestant.

31. Johnson was ever an enemy to cant. This extract is well worth remembering at the present day.

32. This and the next extract are from Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, which Johnson undertook with surprising courage in 1773, the sixty-fourth year of his age. A battle was fought in **Glensheal** in 1719 between the royal troops and the Highlanders, who had risen in support of a Spanish invasion. Dr. Johnson is here shown in the light of a rather embarrassing fellow-traveller. But the reader will probably understand that Boswell sometimes bored him beyond human endurance.

33. **Sir Andrew Freeport** is one of the minor characters of the 'Spectator Club.'

IV.—SAMUEL JOHNSON.

To 'The Idler.'

The date of this letter or essay was Saturday, June 3, 1758. Johnson here appears in a capacity which, patriotic as we know him to have been,

would have earned him, a few years ago, the title of 'Pro-Boer.' He is ironically scoffing at the ineptitude of our military efforts in the first stages of the war against France. Two days before the date of this letter an ill-considered expedition had started to attack St. Malo. He is, however, ridiculing the courage of the French quite as much as that of the English. There is something extremely diverting in the laborious and ponderous march of Johnson's elaborate sarcasms.

To learn of an enemy, Ovid, *Metamorphoses,* iv. 428 : *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

take his arrangements, a French idiom, *prendre ses arrangements,* deliberately introduced.

geese and tragedians Much as Johnson loved his old pupil David Garrick, he was never tired of scoffing at tragic actors.

V.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Traveller.

The sub-title of this poem is 'A Prospect of Society: written in the year 1765.' Apart from the brilliance of the rhetoric, this poem is of special interest as showing us glimpses of that romantic period of Goldsmith's life when he toured Europe, earning a livelihood with his flute (see the Introduction). We have already seen Johnson's high opinion of the poem. In the previous part of the poem Goldsmith has described, in the form of a letter to his brother, Italy and Switzerland. We begin with his description of France.

16. **gestic lore** = gesticulation, a quaint, unnatural phrase.
49. **rampire**. A 'ramp' is the term for an earthwork in fortification. Here it refers to the Holland dykes.
76. **Belgic.** The Belgæ, a Gallic tribe conquered by Cæsar, formerly inhabited these regions.
80. **genius,** not in the modern sense, but, as the Romans used it, for a man's own nature. Goldsmith has no right to make 'genius' feminine.
83. **Hydaspis,** a famous Asiatic river of antiquity, probably the Jelum, one of the rivers of the Punjaub, mentioned by Horace.
90. **port,** bearing.

VI.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog.

This style of comic poetry, a kind of parody of the Ballad, a series of quatrains generally leading up to a *paraprosdokian* or surprise in the fourth line, was initiated by Goldsmith in this merry tale. It has found many imitators, of whom Tom Hood alone has proved worthy.

VII.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Vicar of Wakefield.

This is Chapter IX. of that well-known story. The family of Dr. Primrose, the Vicar, has suddenly come down in the world. A base deceiver, Squire Thornhill, is paying his treacherous court to Olivia, the elder daughter of the Vicar, and has hired two disreputable females of his acquaintance to decoy the two girls to London. Mr. Burchell is the rich

uncle of Squire Thornhill, in disguise as a humble friend of the Primrose family. Eventually he declares himself, and puts everything right. Observe that this tale is the work of a born dramatist with an eye to the stage. That is why the *Vicar of Wakefield* has proved so successful as a dramatized play.

2. **to burn nuts**, a familiar parlour trick. Bad Brazil nuts are burnt on the end of a knitting-pin, and, being oily, give forth a clear light and a villainous smell. Perhaps a prize went to the person who kept his nut alight longest.
7. **lamb's wool**, a very ancient drink, consisting of hot ale, roasted apples, and spice.
20. **Hot Cockles**, a rustic game, in which one person had to lie down on the ground while the others came and struck him until he guessed the name of the striker. The reader will remember that this game figures in the Bible.

Questions and Commands, games in which one member of the company has to answer Yes or No to any question asked of him, or to fulfil any command put upon him, with a forfeit if he fails.

48. **prolocutor**, spokesman. The prolocutor of Convocation is an ecclesiastical officer.
71. **rout**, a name given to fashionable assemblies at this period. Hence we still use the terms 'rout-chairs' and rout-cakes.'

VIII.—OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The Good-natured Man.

This is the Third Act of the play. This highly amusing scene, where the brokers or bailiffs, who are put in to distrain on the hero's goods, are passed off as guests, had to be cut out when the play was acted, as bailiffs were considered 'low.' Honeywood, the hero of the piece, is the Good-natured Man, who gets into trouble for his willingness to oblige, but in the end is, of course, triumphant, and marries the heiress Miss Richland. The character of Honeywood seems to be taken from that of Pamphilus in the *Andria* of Terence.

20. **capus** means nothing; it is one of many distorted law-terms.
75. **smoke the pocket-holes.** As we had occasion to notice, so far back as the time of Dryden, 'to smoke' was the slang term for 'to observe.'
119. **circuit weather.** Being a follower of the law, the bailiff naturally considers the weather in relation to the assizes.
127. **in the Fleet.** The Fleet prison was a common gaol for debtors. The pun is exquisitely appropriate.
134. **Hawke or Amherst.** Admiral Hawke beat the French at Quiberon Bay in 1759. Amherst was one of the British Generals with Wolfe in Canada. He captured Fort Duquesne in the same year.
191. **by the elevens!** An example of the rhyming slang still popular among thieves and actors. He means 'by the heavens!'

IX.—JUNIUS.

The mystery which surrounds the authorship of these political letters is one of the most baffling problems in all literature, and now, after a century and a half of the keenest search, the verdict is still doubtful. They

appeared in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser* at various dates, from 1768 to 1774, and when Woodfall published the collected edition in 1812 he added various private letters, some spurious, from the same pen. Three facts are certain—the writer was a man of immense ability, he was a man of high rank and good fortune (he refused to take any payment), and he was a bitter opponent of the Duke of Grafton and the Ministry. On the first consideration many people suspected Burke, and no one but Burke among the great literary names of the period would seem capable of such fine prose. But Burke spontaneously denied the authorship in conversation with Johnson, and Burke was not a man to lie spontaneously.

In 1816 Taylor published a pamphlet, *Junius Identified*, bringi g forward a good deal of circumstantial evidence in favour of Sir Philip Francis, a clerk in the War Office. Lord Macaulay was fully convinced by it. It is clear that Francis was flattered by the suggestion, and did a good deal to encourage it ; but neither in ability, nor in fortune, nor in political position is it possible that he was the real author. The letters attack the very people to whom Francis was most closely attached by every tie of gratitude. They are, as they stand, fine examples of stately English prose, used for purposes of rhetorical attack. Irony, sarcasm, venomous humour, and hot indignation, are their principal ingredients. One of the most famous is a letter to the King, couched in terms of mock politeness, entreating him to discard his base Ministers, and appeal straight to the loyal hearts of his subjects. He attacked the chief criminal judge, Lord Mansfield, with the greatest ferocity. He fought, as here, for John Wilkes, and poured infinite scorn upon his opponent, Colonel Luttrell. But, as was the case with Burke (and the comparison is significant), he was undemocratic enough to approve of rotten boroughs. The letters caused an incredible excitement in the world of politics. All the efforts of the Government were employed to discover the author, but in vain. Their appearance was followed by a swarm of imitators, using every variety of Roman pseudonym, including Chatterton as 'Decimus.'

The Duke of Grafton.—A few words will suffice to explain the political situation. In May, 1762, on the resignation of Newcastle, King George III. attempted to break the power of the Whigs by making Lord Bute his Prime Minister, thus calling into existence a new party called Tory, but in reality consisting of the nominees of the Crown. The Whigs were split up into three parties: that of Rockingham, who had succeeded Newcastle, and the old Whigs ; that following the Duke of Bedford, an unscrupulous and mercenary crew ; and that of George Grenville. When Lord Bute, by reason of his extreme unpopularity, was forced to resign after less than a year of office, he was succeeded by Grenville, whose principal occupations were the struggle with John Wilkes (see III. 22) and the imposition of the Stamp Act upon the colonists of America. But George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford, who had been taken into partnership, refused to show the required complaisance to the King, and had to make way for the Rockingham Ministry of the old Whigs in 1765. Rockingham only survived to repeal the Stamp Act, and was dismissed in 1766, when Pitt was created Earl of Chatham, and formed a Ministry which represented all parties. But before the end of the year his health completely broke down, and in 1767 the Duke of Grafton became the nominal Prime Minister, though he was incapable of controlling his subordinates, among whom Charles Townshend was the most prominent. This state of affairs lasted for nearly three years, until, in 1770, Chatham recovered, and,

espousing the cause of Wilkes, destroyed the Grafton Ministry. During the whole of this period the King was his own Prime Minister, in reality, and the frequent changes were due to his efforts to find a set of men willing to carry out his commands.

88. **resolution**, here a technical term of chemistry = solution.
89. **caput mortuum**, a chemical term for a worthless residuum.
112. **cause of liberty in another country**—viz., America.
125. **Mr. Luttrell**, the opponent of Wilkes in the Middlesex election (see III. 22).
153. **the city of London**, in its petition in favour of Wilkes.
184. **seat of learning**. Cambridge University, of which the Duke of Grafton, by dint of bribery, became Chancellor in 1769. Its High Steward was the Earl of Sandwich, a most notorious profligate, and one of the heroes of the Hell Fire Club at Medmenham Abbey. When the latter first took his seat at the high table of Trinity the undergraduates rose in a body and quitted the hall.

X.—THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Mynstrelles Songe.

For an account of the life of this brilliant but unfortunate young man, see the Introduction.

Aella is one of the sham-antique poems which he attempted to pass off as the work of a fifteenth-century Bristol monk called Rowley. To anyone acquainted with Chaucer, it seems extraordinary that even in the eighteenth century the work could pass as genuine. *Aella* is a kind of dramatic poem written for the most part in Chatterton's 'improvement' on the Spenserian stanza. This song is one of those introduced into the drama.

I have given this in Chatterton's own eccentric spelling, in order that the reader may appreciate one of the curiosities of literature. It must not be forgotten, however, that this is not Old English spelling, but just what a clever boy would imagine to be Old English, aided by a glossary to Chaucer, which itself was full of mistakes. Thus, although Chatterton puts a final 'e' on to almost every word, he never uses it, as he might have done, as a syllable.

1. **roundelaie**, a song or air.
3. **ne moe**, no more. **moe** is right: it is the original word to which 'more' is an extra comparative; **ne** is not used in this way. **hallie daie**, holiday.
4. **reyninge**, running. Chaucer would write 'renning.'
8. **cryne**, hair, from Latin *crinis*.
9. **rode**, complexion.
10. **rodde**, ruddy.
11. **cale**, cold.
15. **swote**, sweet.
17. **taboure**, tabor, a kind of drum.
81. **yanne**, than. The word 'ye,' so often used for 'the' in sham Old English, is due to a mistake. Nobody ever said 'ye' for 'the,' nor should it be printed. The fact is, simply, that in old handwriting there was a sign for 'th' closely resembling, and often identical with, 'y.'

37. **fleurs**, flowers. The introduction of this French form is a curious freak.
38. Not one holy saint. 'Seynct' is a possible form.
39. **celness**, coldness.
43. 'With my hands I'll twine the briers to grow round his holy corpse.'
45. **Ouph**, elf, same word as 'oaf.' **ante** = and.
51. **hartys**, heart's.
53. **nete**, night, often spelt 'nicht,' and pronounced somewhat as 'nete.'
57. **reytes**, reeds.
58. **yer**, your. **lethalle**, deadly, or, perhaps (from Lethe), oblivious.

XI.—EDMUND BURKE.

Speech on Conciliation with America.

This speech, which, for sustained dignity and the high moral tone peculiar to its author, is generally ranked among his finest efforts, though there are others which surpass it in fire and brilliance, was delivered in 1775, in support of Lord Rockingham and the proposal to repeal the Stamp Act and the Tea Duty. This was the year of Lexington and Bunker's Hill.

7. **their complexions**, the various attributes which compose their character.
76. **when this part of your character, etc.** Under the Stuarts, when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at New Plymouth (1620).
82. **sensible**, perceptible.
100. **blind usages**, mere precedents, not resting on any logical ground.
109. **mediately or immediately**, indirectly or directly.
121. **theorems and corollaries**, a geometrical metaphor; he means general propositions, and the results to be deduced from them.
161. **dissidence of dissent.** Dissidence is here used for dissentience; he means 'the very essence of the dissenting spirit.'
177. **latitude**, the broad general character of the description. This rhetorical device of anticipating your opponent's arguments (prolepsis) was no doubt learnt from Cicero, who was Burke's model in rhetoric.
201. **our Gothic ancestors.** The English are not descended from the Goths, but the term Gothic was used at this period for 'barbarian.'
220. **Blackstone.** Sir William Blackstone was the most eminent jurist of the day. His commentaries upon Coke, the Chancellor who preceded Bacon, are a classical exposition of English law.
221. **General Gage**, the English General then in command in America. He was not a vigorous soldier.
231. **on the floor**, a technical term still in use in the House of Commons. It means only 'in the House.' **animadvertion** = criticism.
238. **Abeunt studia**, 'studies pass into the character.'
241. **mercurial** with us means lively, volatile, changeable. Here it seems to mean the reverse of simple. This word has, like 'jovial' and 'saturnine,' an astrological derivation. Persons born under the planet Mercury were supposed to be eloquent, ingenious, sometimes thievish, sometimes apt for trade. A reference to Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary shows a considerable variety of meaning. Thus, he quotes from Lilly (1647): 'Mercurial men, viz., Scholars or Divines.'

268. **Brusa** is in Anatolia, on the Sea of Marmara, about fifty-seven miles from Constantinople.

XII.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

(i.) To the Muses.

Full of the study of Spenser and the romantic poets of old, he laments the artificial and conventional nature of the poetry of his own day.

1. **Ida**, a mountain near Troy, where the three goddesses appeared to Paris. The real home of the Muses was Mount Helicon in Greece.
2. **the chambers of the East.** This phrase is used by Milton in *Comus*, of the Sun from 'his chamber in the East.' It comes originally from Ps. xix., where the Sun 'cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber.'

(ii.) Reeds of Innocence.

The poet tells us that his Songs of Innocence are sung to make children happy.

(iii.) To Spring.

The love of Spring was the earliest note in English poetry, as it is the latest. Yet the love of Spring, which means also the love of Nature, had been forgotten for many generations when Blake wrote this poem and revived it. Remember that this was written before Wordsworth 'rediscovered Nature.' Technically this is blank verse, but in reality it should be called an unrhymed quatrain, a new experiment. Compare the poem of Collins in *The Pope Epoch*. Verse 14 is defective in rhythm.

(iv.) Night.

Observe that to Blake there is none of the conventional horror of Night. He sees the friendly smile of the moon and the angels pouring their blessings on every flower and bird and beast. That is the essence of Blake's lovely faith.

(v.) The Tiger.

The thought of Nature's more terrible manifestations makes the poet wonder how they come into being. This is the best known of all Blake's work.

XIII.—ROBERT BURNS.

(i.) To a Mouse.

This charming piece of natural sentiment is a reminiscence of the poet's ploughman days.

1. **sleekit**, sleek.
4. **bickering brattle**, scampering haste.
5. **laith**, loth.
6. **pattle**, a stick for cleaning the plough.
13. **whyles**, sometimes.
14. **maun lieve**, must live.
15. **daimen icker**, an occasional ear of corn. **thrave**, twenty-four sheaves.
17. **the lave**, the remainder, what is left.
20. **wa's**, walls.
21. **big**, build. **ane**, one.
22. **foggage**, moss.
24. **snell**, bitter.

29. **coulter**, ploughshare.
31. **stibble**, stubble.
34. **but**, without.
34. **hald** = hold, a dwelling.
35. **thole**, endure.
36. **cranreuch**, hoar-frost.
37. **thy lane**, thyself alone.
40. **agley**, awry, off the track.

(ii.) The Farewell.

The song of a Scottish Jacobite who has fled to Ireland, and is now about to emigrate to America. It is founded on a ballad quoted by Scott in the notes to *Rokeby*.

28. **lee-lang**, livelong.

(iii.) The Banks o' Doon.

This is the original version of the better known, but certainly inferior, song, 'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon,' which was written to fit the tune of the Caledonia Hunt Song.

12. **wistna**, knew not.
15. **ilka**, every.
23. **staw**, stole.

(iv.) John Anderson my Jo.

The song of an old wife, deservedly popular for its natural and simple sentiment.

1. **jo** = sweetheart.
4. **brent**, smooth, clear, the same word as in 'brand-new.'
5. **beld**, bald.
7. **pow**, skull.
11. **cantie**, cheerful.

(v.) Caledonia.

I have added this as an example of Burns's more sophisticated style. The second line might have been written by Dryden.

3. **breckan**, or bracken, a common fern.
6. **gowan**, daisy.

XIV.—LAURENCE STERNE.

A Sentimental Journey.

For the character of the author and his work, see the Introduction.

This extract, strange as it may seem, is the beginning of the book. The abrupt opening, the quaint headings arbitrarily introduced, the frequent and significant use of dot and dash, italic and capital, are the characteristic freaks of this whimsical person. For the less perceptive reader, it may be explained that Mr. Yorick's motive in setting forth upon his travels is asserted to be the sense of inferiority which was brought home to him in argument with people who *had* been to France.

15. **Droits d'aubaine.** By this law the King of France was heir-general to all foreigners dying in that country.
31. **for the accommodation** probably means 'for having accommodated myself to the situation.'
33. **the Bourbon**, Louis XVI., the ill-fated victim of the Revolution.

37. **two livres.** The silver 'livre' was approximately equal to the modern *franc.*
51. **physical precieuse.** *Precieuse* may be rendered 'blue-stocking'; the term is well known from Molière's famous comedy, *Les Précieuses Ridicules. Physical* means 'scientific.'
66. **sed non quo ad hanc.** It would probably be vain to seek any meaning in this Latin phrase.
79. **sous.** The proper singular is, of course, **sou.** Chatterton uses 'sowse,' and pronounces it accordingly.
95. **Guido.** Guido Reni (1575 to 1642), an Italian painter, more fashionable then than now. His Head of Christ, 'Ecce Homo,' in our National Gallery is very well known.
156. **a hectic,** a hectic flush, a blush.

XV.—R. B. SHERIDAN.

The Critic.

This is the last act of *The Critic,* which has been chosen as being equally good to read as to see performed, and as containing a great deal of sound dramatic criticism in the guise of bright parody. Mr. Puff, a master of the art of self-advertisement, is showing a rehearsal of his play, *The Spanish Armada,* to his friends Mr. Dangle, a stage-struck busybody, and Mr. Sneer, a wit and critic. Into the burlesque plot of the burlesque play *The Spanish Armada* we need not enter further than to remark that the fair heroine, Tilburina, daughter to the captain of Tilbury Fort, has somehow or other fallen in love with the Spanish Admiral's son, Don Ferolo Whiskerandos. Mr. Puff, the author, has given permission to the actors to omit whatever they consider unnecessary, and is somewhat chagrined to find how liberally they have interpreted the permission. Tilburina in her white silk parodies the famous mad scene in *Hamlet,* where Ophelia uses similar words.

XVI.—HORACE WALPOLE.

A Wesley Meeting.

This letter is interesting as giving us the point of view of a cynical *dilettante* upon one of the most important religious forces of his day. For Horace Walpole, see the Introduction. John Wesley was born in 1703, and died in 1791. He was educated at Oxford, and founded the Society of Methodists.

1. **charity to me.** Presumably a dinner-party, with the usual three bottles a head.
5. **opera,** a cheap sneer.
6. **hymns.** John Wesley's brother, Charles, was a musician, and the two together composed many of our best-known hymns.
13. **branches,** candelabra.
14. **hautpas,** dais or platform.
20. **the pit,** the body of the chapel, as if it were a theatre.
27. **parts,** ability, as we say 'a man of parts.'
30. **like Latimer.** Hugh Latimer, Bishop of Worcester in Edward VI.'s reign, a famous preacher of the homely style (see *The Spenser Epoch*). He was educated at Cambridge, and martyred at Oxford.

36. **Noble Authors.** One of Horace Walpole's many literary works, a series of elegant biographies.

XVII.—WILLIAM COWPER.

Hymn.

In this fine hymn Cowper carries on the style of condensed dignity which we saw in the hymns of Addison (see *The Pope Epoch*). It expresses also in brief compass the essential faith of a Nature-lover, to whom God is the God of Nature. The very phrase 'rides upon the storm' is an echo of the most famous line in Addison's poem *The Campaign*.

XVIII.—WILLIAM COWPER.

The Winter Morning Walk.

This is a typical extract from *The Task*, a poem which, as we remarked in the Introduction, had for its original theme nothing more inspiring than a sofa. It is a delightful picture of a farmyard scene in winter. Cowper is actually the first English poet since Chaucer who has thought a simple and unaffected description of hens and chickens, with no morals attached to them, to be worthy of a poet's verse. It should, however, be remarked that in one or two words and phrases he still betrays the weakness for artifice so characteristic of the age which was then just passing away. Such are 'unrecumbent,' 'swain,' 'deciduous.'

57. **whatever some suppose.** Though thrushes eat worms, slugs, and snails by preference, hedgerow berries and garden fruits are certainly on their daily menu.

XIX.—WILLIAM COWPER.

John Gilpin.

This poem is to be taken, with Goldsmith's *Elegy on a Mad Dog*, as symptomatic of the new spirit in verse. Both are inspired by the popular ballads which Addison had brought into the dignity of literature by his wise appreciation. The story is founded on fact. The original hero was a linen-draper, called Beyer, who lived at the corner of Paternoster Row.

3. The London train-bands, which had figured so conspicuously in English history, were on the eve of dissolution. They were formed of apprentices, and officered by worthy citizens like John Gilpin. **Eke** = also (German *auch*).
11. **Edmonton** is now within the clutches of North London.
23. **calender**, a person who glazes linen.
69. **ear**, handle, as in the proverb 'Little pitchers have great ears.'
135. **the wash**, a stream across the road.
142. **balcony**—accent the second syllable.
152. **Ware** is in the next county, Hertfordshire.
212. **For why?** If this is how Cowper wrote the words, it shows that their origin had been forgotten. *Why* is really the instrumental case of 'which'; and 'for why' should mean 'because.'

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